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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

January 7, 1953

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BREAD UNFIT FOR FOWLS

AT frequent intervals there is a spate of comment on the need to improve the standard of bread in Australia.

Master bakers and politicians have lengthy discussions and the housewife goes right on getting doughy, unappetising loaves.

The Secretary of the N.S.W. Branch of the Federated Pastrycook Employees' Union announced in court recently that "half the bread sold to-day is not fit to feed to fowls."

Some bakers claim the standard of wheat available for flour is very poor or that the law does not allow them enough time to bake satisfactory bread.

Others allege that the lifting of price controls would allow them to bake a quality loaf which could be sold at a price which they considered fair.

This last reason must sound ludicrous to the housewife.

She does not see the wheat, and therefore cannot argue about its quality. She does not pretend to be an authority on bakers' hours of work. But she can answer back forcibly on the question of price.

She is paying a high price for a loaf of bread which her mother and grandmother would have rejected.

If the housewife must pay dearly for her bread, each loaf should contain as much nourishment as possible.

Australians feature in new type of war books

Book reviews by
HELEN FRIZELL

DOCUMENTARY war books by official observers have changed.

From being mere lists of maps and campaigns, of interest only to military tacticians, they have become, as well as historical records, human interest stories which focus attention upon the fighting men.

George Odgers' "Across the Parallel" is of this type.

The parallel is the 38th—the place, Korea. The men are Australians—members of 77 Squadron, R.A.A.F.

George Odgers, himself an Australian, was Press relations officer to the squadron, whose men he knew personally.

His lucid book brings the Korean campaign into perspective and reminds Australians of their countrymen who still fight there.

When North Koreans crossed the parallel at dawn on June 25, 1950, their timing coincided with a hectic party thrown by the Sergeants' Mess of 77 Squadron.

Celebrating the squadron's imminent departure for Australia after four years in Japan, the mess provided beer and the music of a Japanese band.

That night in Iwakuni guests juggled with chopsticks, trying to lift Japanese food to their lips. Air Force wives and husbands danced in fancy-dress. No one had a thought for the 38th parallel—and at breakfast time the party was just winding up.

So when the telephone rang with the news of the invasion, the Australians at first treated it as a badly timed joke.

When the first Mustangs, piloted by Tom Murphy, Graham Strout, "Brick" Bradford, and Milton Cottee, took off for Korea, the wives on the ground strained their ears until the sound of the aircraft died away.

George Odgers presents Korea from its mountains to its reeking paddies, but most of all he

Our cover:

● The turn of the year is when people in steaming cities and the hot outback can envy those lucky ones, who, like our cover girl, have escaped to the fringe of the sea. Radiant in cyclamen tonings, our model happily defies this season's trend towards black-and-white for beachwear.

This week:

● For some weeks now we have been publishing excerpts from the recently published New Revised Standard Version of the Bible and comparing them with renderings in the much-loved King James Version. (This week's excerpt is on page 37.) Many people have written to us asking whether copies of the New Revised Standard Version have yet been put on sale in this country. The answer is yes, with the rider that, judging by the rush there has been for it, the Bible is still the world's best-seller. Booksellers tell us that their stocks have temporarily been exhausted, but new shipments are due to arrive in Sydney about the middle of February.

Next week:

● There have been many stories published about the effect that the Queen's accession to the Throne has had in England in encouraging a return to the days of Elizabeth I for fashion inspiration. The Rank Organisation has now made a film called "It Started in Paradise" about the glamor world of London fashion, in which a spectacular climax is a dress parade featuring Elizabethan fashions for the modern world. Next week we have two pages of color pictures of these clothes, which include (and this will indicate how affected the big overseas fashion houses are) a Shakespearean-styled bathing suit!

presents "Double Seven Squadron" and its pilots—first servicemen of the British Commonwealth to see action.

Many are dead, but others remain, piloting jets now instead of Mustangs.

As background to the Korean news or as a story of Australians fighting for their country (and United Nations policy), I recommend "Across the Parallel."

"Across the Parallel," by George Odgers, is published by William Heinemann. Our copy from the publishers.

Perilous Passage

IF you want adventure that hasn't happened, Arthur Mayse's "Perilous Passage," set on the wild west coast of Canada, provides battles between dope-runners, mounties, and innocent citizens.

It is as escapist as a Saturday "arvo" serial at the local pictures.

Seven characters meet death by drowning, stabbing, strangling, and shooting, leaving hero Clint, Paddy the Mountie, and heroine Devvy triumphant.

Paddy and Clint have various bumps and knife slits to prove their victory, Devvy has only a diamond-shaped scar on her arm, relic of a mysterious past.

Devvy apparently finds diamonds are trumps—for the others there were only clubs and spades.

This adventure ends with a situation rather like William Shakespeare's "Macbeth." There are corpses everywhere. Mr. Mayse does not, of course, expect to be compared with Mr. Shakespeare, but if you like plenty of action you will enjoy "Perilous Passage."

"Perilous Passage," by Arthur Mayse, is published by Shakespeare Head Press. Our copy from the publishers.

Quote:

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

—GOLDSMITH.

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1/6



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She paints in Paris



AUSTRALIAN artist Moya Dyring, who now lives in Paris, has returned home to give a series of exhibitions of her paintings of Brittany, Paris, and the South of France.

Miss Dyring has made her name overseas not only as a landscape artist of considerable merit but also as a hostess whose studio flat is a meeting place for visiting Australians, French painters, U.N. diplomats, Spanish emigrants, and London journalists.

She first went to Paris in 1935 because "it is the only place for a painter to live, everything is so accessible, and one can find so much beauty."

She has lived there ever since, except during the war years and during frequent trips to other parts of Europe. "That's one of the great advantages of having a flat in Paris," she said. "It's so close to all the beautiful centres of culture where an

artist can study any school he wishes without spending all his money getting there.

"Money is still the artists' biggest handicap, even in Paris. Only about four of the best-known painters can live by painting alone. All the rest have to do part-time jobs to keep going.

"Living is still pretty expensive, although there is no rationing there any more. Meat is a fabulous price and is kept only for parties and special occasions. But we live very healthily on lots of fruit and vegetables, which are comparatively cheap."

Miss Dyring's Australian exhibitions will begin in Sydney on February 18, then go to Canberra in March, Melbourne in April or May, and later to Brisbane and perhaps Tasmania and Adelaide.

"What I would especially like to do is a tour of N.S.W. and Victorian country towns," said Miss Dyring. "I'm sure there are country people who are interested and don't have many opportunities to get to capital cities. I think it's up to artists to go to them if they can."

ARTISTS GATHER at Moya Dyring's studio flat on the Ile St. Louis, Paris, where life is informal but stimulating. Left to right, Paul Asperl, Madelaine Mare, Betty la Vienne, Moya Dyring, and Margaret Olley.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 7, 1953



LEFT: Miss Dyring shows Miss Treanor Smith, of Sydney, a sketch of Balinese dancers done in Indonesia on her way here.

ABOVE: On the banks of the Seine, just below her flat, Moya Dyring works on one of her oil paintings of a Parisian scene.

OUR CORONATION TOUR CONTEST

No entries will be accepted after January 16 closing date

Our Coronation Tour Contest is now in its last weeks. It closes on January 16, and no entries can be accepted after that date. If you have not already sent your entry, you will greatly ease the enormous task of sorting and judging, which is being carried on constantly, if you do so as early as possible.

BELOW are further £10 progress award-winning entries, all of which remain eligible for the final judging.

Wonderful days

IT occurred while I was in hospital in South-west Military Hospital—1917. I was one of twenty wounded soldiers to receive a command invitation from His Majesty the King to attend Windsor Castle.

Our nurse was the villain of the occasion—God bless her. Before she would give me my invitation card she demanded some sugar—even if I had to steal it off the King's

table. In a weak moment I capitulated.

The highlight of the occasion was when we were ushered into a room to have afternoon tea with the ladies of the Royal household. Among them were Princess Alice, Princess Louise, and Lady Mary Cambridge. Their bonhomie and graciousness soon put us at our ease. But I was most interested in Princess Alice. So much like her grandmother, Queen Victoria, at her age.

She was small, her beauty might be compared to an exquisite piece of Dresden porcelain, and her repartee was brilliant. So much so Her Royal Highness soon had us chuckling with amusement. And then Princess Louise urged me to have a third cup of tea. "I have never known

an Australian yet," Her Royal Highness said, "who could not manage three."

So I had my third. And while I was drinking it I saw still another lady enter the room. She was stately and gracious. She nodded and smiled at everyone, but took no part in the proceedings. Instead, with her hands clasped before her, she walked by herself under the groined arches. I knew the face, but I could not place it. Somehow my brain refused to function—and then the party was over.

I was the last to leave the room, so I thought, and then I remembered my promise. Doubling back, I scooped up a handful of lump sugar and was putting it in my pocket when I heard a gasp. I had forgotten the unknown lady. Convulsed with silent laughter, she was looking at me.

Red in the face, I rushed up to her. "Madam," I said, "I promised our nurse that even if I had to steal some sugar off the King's table I would bring her back some."

But the lady could not speak. She just rocked from side to side. And then something in my brain clicked. I remembered the face. Years before, when she was in Australia, avoiding the guard I had sneaked up to her carriage and open-mouthed, hat in hand, trembling at my own temerity, I had stood looking at her. She leaned across to me and smiled.

"Little boy," she said, "how do you do?"

Before I could pluck up enough courage to answer, a great hulking policeman had hustled me off the platform. And here I was face to face with her again. "Your Majesty," I stammered, "Pardon!"

And then in utter confusion I did the unpardonable thing. I turned my back on Her Majesty, Queen Mary of England, and ran. At the door, realising the enormity of my faux pas, I stopped and, snapping my heels together, I brought up my hand in salute.

Still not able to speak—still convulsed with her silent mirth—the Queen raised her arm and wagged her fingers at me. And I have been in love with Her Majesty ever since.

£10 to Mr. R. A. HOWES, 64 Warwick Street, Walkerville, South Australia.

IT was January in Newcastle and it was hot. I suppose any January in Newcastle is hot, but to me, just starting my fourth day in bed with flu, it was the hottest January I could remember.

Then came the telegram. You know the Army procedure—ring a message through then send the printed form later.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock by Madame Pellier.

Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige.

Wardrobe of 12 pairs of Joyce shoes.

SECOND PRIZE for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car.

THIRD PRIZE for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator.

FOURTH PRIZE of Hoover washing machine, electric polisher, and vacuum cleaner.

THREE PRIZES of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

THREE PRIZES of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.

This one read, "We regret to inform you your son is missing, believed prisoner, in Korea."

Ill as I felt, I couldn't stand my room any longer. The walls seemed to be closing in on me. I dressed and started walking, not caring where I went, just as long as I kept moving.

Finally I reached home, exhausted, but with my decision made. Whatever happened I must keep busy and be among people. I must have no time with nothing to do but think.

You see, ever since my husband had passed away 17 years before I had worked to raise my son and two daughters. Now, with one daughter married and the other working in Queensland, I was all on my own.

As soon as I could I took a "live-in" job in a hotel. My room was between the cook's and the housemaid's, with the waitress just opposite and the owner and his wife further along the passage.

Knowing what had happened, they all went out of their way to keep me happy and occupied. Any time of the day or night someone would be popping in for a chat or asking me to go somewhere.

In my spare time I interested myself in the owner's two-year-old twins. I spent many hours bathing, changing, or just playing with them.

Gradually the weeks slipped by and the pain began to deaden. I was playing with the twins in the lounge one afternoon when the owner's wife came in, a piece of paper in her hand.

"Dear," she said, "I've just had a message from the Army department for you."

This was the moment I had been dreading. I started to tremble.

"No," I cried, "I don't want it. I won't read it." She smiled. "Yes, you do," she said. "You want this one. Listen while I read it to you."

"Pleased to inform you your son has been reported recovered prisoner. Any further information received will be forwarded immediately."

£10 to Mrs. B. BUCKLAND, c/o Springfield Inn, Darlinghurst Road, Kings Cross, N.S.W.

Imaginary conversation

"CURIOSITY," said Elizabeth Tudor, "was always a failing of mine. I come back every hundred years or so to see how England fares. The last time was in Victoria's reign. Dull as ditchwater, my dear. I do hope you're a little livelier."

"I think I might be. But had I known you were coming, I'd have had my sister, Margaret, here to entertain you. She's livelier and wittier than I."

"She should be clapped in the Tower then. That's the place for princesses who dare to rival the Queen."

"We're built differently. Bess. I like to see Margaret admired. And times have changed. I couldn't clap anyone in the Tower even if I wished. The people wouldn't have it."

"The people? What have the people to do with the Queen?"

"The people are England. The Queen is only England's servant."

"She wasn't in MY day. The Tudors were proud monarchs."

"So are the Windsors proud—but of different things. Let's not quarrel, Bess. Our values are so different."

"I'm a crabbed old woman, child. Don't mind me. We'll talk of something else. Your jewels—they say you have some pretty baubles. I'd like to see them."

"Of course. Some of them were yours, Bess..."

"Hmnn."
"By a lucky chance I have some here being altered for me. See, here is the Koh-i-noor."

"Oh, oh, Elizabeth, where did you get it?"
"It's an heirloom, like the others."

"It doesn't take back to me. I'd have taken it with me, I vow."

"It was given to Victoria—" "Don't tell me, child! That sombre old spoilsport! What would she do with such a gem? She'd never wear it."

"Oh, but she did, Victoria could be as regal as yourself. She was quite pretty and imperious when she was young. Albert found it very trying."

"He would! Such a bore of a fellow! I vow his blood dripped statistics. I'd have made him my Chancellor, never my husband. But there! Who am I to talk of husbands. A plague on men, Elizabeth! You're luckier than I in that way."

"Yes, but it's hard on Philip, being married to the Sovereign. I wish I were plain Betty Nobody."

"Don't quarrel with Destiny, child."

"I don't. But I feel overwhelmed at times. Give me some of your Tudor courage, Bess."

"Tut, child, the Windsor brand is special enough. It's stronger, leavened with Chari, which no Tudor ever had, alas! Take heart, Elizabeth II. I made England great. But YOU will make her loved."

£10 to Mrs. M. T. BALDWIN, Hopefield, via Corowa, N.S.W.

The Queen comes to tea

WERE the Queen and her children to visit me, how thrilled I would be. Why, I would start a calendar of my own.

Everything would be dated "from the Royal visit" or "before the Queen had tea with me."

I should invite my daughter, Rita, and her two children, for then my whole family would be honored.

The children could play with the Prince and Princess, and being of the same age would meet on common ground, the universal brotherhood of children.

After introducing everyone to each other I would wait for the Queen to choose a subject to talk about, then I would try to keep my side of the conversation up.

Maybe she is as interested as I am in what the other fellow thinks, says, and does.

No doubt I would have been screened for political, mental, and physical faults.

The Queen's secretary would inform her so: Afternoon tea with Mary Raumer, widow, working class. Railway station mistress. Hobby—needlework. Family—girl, age 22, two boys, 18 and 11. Boys living at home.

My history in a nutshell. The Queen may be interested in my work.

I would not try to vie with the Royal Chef. My afternoon tea would be a simple sponge cake, with whole wheat bread and butter, a choice of mild cheese or honey (I read the Queen likes honey), tea for the adults, fruit juice or milk for the children.

The Queen in her wisdom would make the visit as long or as short as she wishes, and with the uttermost depth of gratitude I would thank her sincerely for her gracious visit.

£10 to Mrs. M. RAUMER, Emu Vale, North Warwick, QUEENSLAND.

How to enter

Choose ANY ONE of the following three subjects, then write your entry about it. You may be as brief as you like, but do not write more than 500 words.

YOU may send as many entries as you like, but each must have attached its own correctly signed coupon warranting that the submission is your original work. Entries bearing non-de-plumes will not be eligible.

1. Describe the most wonderful day in your life. There is one specially wonderful day in everybody's life. Tell us about yours—as simply and as naturally as you can. You don't need to have any special talent as a writer. Sincerity and naturalness are what count.

2. Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea. Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why. Say what preparations you would make, describe the appearance of the room or garden in which you would entertain the Queen, and say how you would serve the afternoon tea. The recipes you attach do not count in the 500 words allowed.

Your guests may be family, friends, or prominent Australians.

3. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

You may choose any topic you like to be discussed between the Elizabeth who reigned nearly 350 years ago and the present Queen. Keep in mind the character of the two Queens and let each speak for herself.

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Write on one side of the paper only. Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

The contest closes on January 16, 1953.

CORONATION CONTEST

January 7, 1953. Attach one coupon to each entry. I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE

Mrs. Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS

State

Australians find servants' life pleasant

Gracious mistress of stately home is friendly employer

By JOAN POWE, in London

Australian girls Denise Fletcher and Margaret Duckworth were employed as servants during a recent week-end shooting party at "Olantigh," Wye, Kent, the 1000-acre residence of Lady Prudence Loudon, daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Jellicoe.

Denise was under-housemaid and Margaret was kitchen-maid. Both girls are from Sydney and are teachers of physical education.

IN the role of temporary household staff, Denise and Margaret:

- Saw how pheasant shooting is carried out on one of the loveliest estates in Kent, eight miles from the cathedral city of Canterbury.

- Obtained a "servants' eye" view of life in one of the last remaining stately homes of England.

- Earned for themselves a week-end with all fares paid, 30/- each in wages, and the opportunity to tour Canterbury before returning to London.

Denise is now teaching at a Hampstead school.

In her role of under-housemaid she helped the butler serve at meals and dusted the priceless ornaments in the galleries at "Olantigh." These ornaments are part of the late Mr. James Hope Loudon's estate, which was valued at almost a million pounds.

Margaret donned a white overall and became kitchen-maid. She helped the cook, Mrs. Clark, prepare meals.

When Margaret and Denise arrived in England last April they both looked for school appointments.

"While waiting, I thought I would make a little money 'charring' a couple of mornings a week," said Margaret.

"I answered an advertisement for someone to do housework at Lady Prudence Loudon's town house."



EMPLOYER. Lady Prudence told the girls that they would find being servants to a house-party at her country home "rather amusing."

A 21-year-old sports teacher was the last person Lady Prudence expected. But when she found Margaret was serious about doing temporary work until a school vacancy came along, she agreed to try her out at 2/6 an hour, the standard rate.

Lady Prudence proved a valuable friend. When the girls were changing flats, she came along with the chauffeur in her Daimler to help them with their luggage.

The week-end was suggested soon after Margaret had left her "charring" for a teaching post with a Kensington school.

"I don't know how you'll feel about this, but we're in a

fix about staff for a house-party at 'Olantigh,'" Lady Prudence explained to her.

"If you and your friend came for the week-end, I'm sure you'd find it amusing."

"We don't guarantee we won't break things or spill soup down someone's back," Margaret said. "But if you don't mind that, we'll be in it."

They arrived by train at Wye on the Friday evening. The chauffeur drove them to the house, where the butler met them and showed them to their rooms, which were fitted with radios.

"The butler wore morning dress, and we found he had been six years with the former King of Greece," said Margaret.

For an hour before breakfast Margaret helped the cook prepare the meal for house-guests—bacon and eggs, fish, or sausages and tomatoes.

Denise tried her hand at dusting in the main drawing-room.

"There were some lovely pieces, one dating back to 600 B.C., and I hardly dared breathe on them," she said.

After breakfast, when the male members of the party went out shooting, Denise was "briefed" on how to help the butler serve lunch.

"I had to follow him into the room with two huge silver vegetable dishes, serving each



SPORTS TEACHERS Margaret Duckworth and Denise Fletcher in their London flat after their two days at one of England's stately homes.

guest in turn," she said. "They were terribly heavy and needed a bit of juggling. I also had to remember to serve from the left."

Pheasant shot by the guests was not on the servants' menu, but the girls had chicken, turkey, apple pie, cream, "and vast amounts of cakes and pastries at tea."

"We hardly stopped eating the whole week-end," said Margaret.

They worked hard while on duty.

The sizeable group of

friends whom Lady Prudence and her husband—London barrister Francis Loudon—entertained included Lord Jellicoe and the Dowager Countess Jellicoe.

Worst moment for Denise was when the question of what she should wear came up.

"I had a tweed skirt and a brown cardigan with me, but it seemed out of place compared with the butler, who was in black jacket and striped pants," she said.

There were various discussions on the subject. The

cook thought she should borrow servants' livery—a green uniform with white collar and cuffs—but Lady Prudence disagreed.

"Wear your own clothes. They look very nice," she said.

Later Denise learnt that several of the guests had asked who "the girl in the tweed skirt" was. One guest had taken her for a member of the house-party who had come down for the shoot but who had no evening clothes to wear at dinner.

On Saturday afternoon, when the girls had a couple of hours off duty, Lady Prudence walked around the grounds with them. She showed them the kitchen gardens, half a mile from the house, a small farm with pigs and hens, and the stables.

"We borrowed bicycles during a free period on Sunday and went for a tour of the countryside," said Denise. "We were due back on duty at tea-time."

By Monday morning, when their week-end was over and they were free to set off for a visit to Canterbury, the two Australians decided they had learnt a great deal about English life.

"Everyone was charming to us. They couldn't have been nicer," said Margaret. "Lady Prudence called us up and said good-bye. So did her mother-in-law, Mrs. Loudon, who lives at 'Olantigh' with a companion."

"Just as we were getting into the car to be driven to the station, the butler appeared with a parcel of eggs and fruit."

"We've never had Australians in the servants' quarters before," he said. "We hope you found the week-end interesting."

He learned about fashion in Fath's Paris salon

By LESLIE ANDERSON

Young Australian dress designer Fred Baxter, who gained an apprenticeship with Jacques Fath on his second day in Paris, is back in Australia after working successfully in London and Paris salons.

IN London he sold six of his designs to Hardy Amies, who is one of the Queen's dressmakers.

Twenty-four-year-old Fred, son of a Perth chemist, thought before he left Australia that "a dress just wasn't a dress until it had everything on it."

"Now, after training with that genius Fath, I delete line after line from my designs until I have the striking extra which gives effect to the simple line," he said.

"I got my job with Fath by waiting outside his office for four hours. The interview with the man who has always been my fashion idol was conducted through his secretary, who acted as interpreter. The result was a year's apprenticeship."

"There were six appren-

tices in Fath's studio," added Fred.

"We did only research and design. We studied old copies of fashion magazines and spent hours in museums studying period fashion designs."

"We would then return to the studio and, using a sleeve or a bodice or a skirt we had seen, would each work up a design. Fath would examine our efforts and perhaps incorporate some little points from our designs into his own final designs."

Fred is full of praise for his former employer.

"He takes a length of material, drapes it round a mannequin, and soon a magnificent creation is the result," he said.

Fath's gowns range in price from £130 sterling to hundreds of pounds.

Fred did not see any of the other famous fashion houses' collections.

"I would have been recognised as a Fath apprentice," he said.

Fred's most vivid memory of Paris is the night he went to Fath's "1925 Ball." He was just out of hospital after peritonitis. He almost put himself back into hospital again doing the Charleston.

After his year in Paris he returned to London, where he soon found work as a resident designer for the fashion house of Clayton Newbury Ltd.

Although he has seen some of the world's most expensively dressed women, Fred ranks Australian girls—particularly those in Melbourne—as being among the world's best in fashion.

He thinks a woman should wear what suits her.

"It might sound bad coming from a dress designer, but if a woman looks fine in last year's fashions and this year's don't suit her, she should stick to last year's," he advised.



DRESS DESIGNER Fred Baxter compares the sketch of a suit he designed for his mother, Mrs. A. A. Baxter, with the completed version, which Mrs. Baxter is wearing. He now says the jacket is "just too long."



A Betty King Recipe Feature

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MELLAH ICE CREAM

Make up 1 packet Mellah Dessert (any flavour) with milk, as directed on package.

Stir in 2 level tablespoons sugar.

Mix in *one* only of the following:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk (Carnation Brand or other similar unsweetened condensed milk), or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered milk blended with 6 tablespoons cold milk, or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh cream or 1 tin (4 ozs) reduced cream.

Pour into freezing tray.

Freeze till set to about $\frac{1}{2}$ " in from sides of tray.

Beat till thick and creamy and twice original volume.

Freeze *quickly* till firm, then adjust refrigerator control to keep ice cream firm without over-freezing.

You're sure of the products recommended by

Betty King

* Address any correspondence to Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney.



AFTER A SWIM. Ian Hamparsum, of Killara, and Beverley Keys, of St. Ives, race out of the water. Beverley was holidaying with Ian's parents, the G. S. Hamparsums, who are at Palm Beach.



FASHION PLATES. Young Nicholas Allen, of Edgecliff (right), and Simon Griffin, of Double Bay, sported hats of plaited palm leaves brought from Honolulu by their parents. Nicholas is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Allen.

Holidays at PALM BEACH



SURFBOARD. Sun-tanned Mr. and Mrs. Ken Murrell, of Northwood, are among the keenest surfers at Palm Beach. Ken is a member of Palm Beach Surf Life-Saving Club.



SPORTS CAR. Don Grattan, of Gordon, and Fran Walker, who lives at Palm Beach, arrived in Don's crimson sports car for a swim.



SUN-BAKING. Judy Campbell (left), Judy Kingsbury, and Betty Cox, of Wahroonga, and Rosemary Edgar, of Strathfield, sun-baked on the beach before a swim.



ICE-CREAMS ALL ROUND for Henry Arnott (left) and Joan Goodwin, of Darling Point; Gillaine Bell, of Bellevue Hill; Peter Fogarty, of Leura; Margaret Edwards, of Woollahra; and Elizabeth and Mike Fogarty, of Leura. The Fogartys and Gillaine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Bell, have beach houses at Palm Beach.



PINK COTTON SHIRTS were worn over their swimming costumes by Mary Carr (left), daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. P. E. Carr, and Roslyn Maitland, of Macquarie Street.

GIANT

By Edna
Ferber

THAT day, all Texas which counted itself anything was flying to the party given by JETT RINK, multi-millionaire oil man, to celebrate the opening of a new airport he has presented to the city.

Typical of the party's strangeness is the motley collection of guests flying together in the big plane owned by BICK BENEDICT, ruler of the vast, fabulously wealthy Reata Ranch. They include a deposed king and queen; a cowboy movie hero with his horse; an ex-champion boxer; a Congressman; a film star; as well as PINKY and VASHTI SNYTH, the Benedicts' nearest neighbors.

No one dreads the party more than Bick's wife, LESLIE, who came here as a bride from Virginia and has never grown completely reconciled to much of the Texas way of life. Her worst fears are fulfilled when the preliminary dinner promises to be ostentatious and vulgar beyond belief.

As Jett Rink's appearance is awaited, young LUZ BENEDICT, daughter of Bick and Leslie, comes to her father with alarming news. Her brother JORDY is threatening to attack Jett for insulting his Mexican wife, JUANA.

A moment later the two face each other, and, though Jordy strikes the first blow, Jett sends him to the ground with a vicious kick. As Bick starts towards Jett, Leslie, kneeling over her son, restrains him.

"It's caught up with you," she says. "It always does." NOW READ ON:

THOUGH the three Lynnton girls always were spoken of as the Beautiful Lynnton Sisters of Virginia, they weren't really beautiful. For that matter, they weren't Virginians, having been born in Ohio. But undeniably there was about these three young women an aura, a glow, a dash of what used to be called diablerie that served as handily as beauty, and sometimes handier.

These qualities wore well, too, for they lasted the girls their lifetime, which beauty frequently fails to do.

The three Lynntons were always doing things first or better or more outrageously than other girls of their age and station in Virginia and Washington society.

Leigh, the eldest—the one who married Sir Alfred Karfrey and went to England to live—scandalized Washington when as a young woman in that capital's society circles she had smoked a cigarette in public long before her friend Alice Roosevelt shocked the whole United States with a puff or two.

Certainly, Leigh was the least lovely of the three Lynnton Lovelies, as they sometimes were fatuously called. She had the long aquiline face of her mother—horse-faced, her feminine detractors said—and she was further handicapped for dalliance by a mordant tongue that should have scared the wits out of the young male Virginians who came courting with Southern sweet talk.

People said that with her scari-fying wit she actually had whiplashed the timorous Karfrey into marrying her.

Leslie, the second sister, was, as the term went, a blue-stocking. She was forever reading books, but not the sort of books which other Southern young women consumed like boudoirs as they lay, indolent and slightly liverish from too many hot breads, in the well-worn hammock under the trees.

Leslie Lynnton had opinions of her own, she conversed and even argued with her distinguished father and his friends on matters political, sociological, medical, and literary just as if she were a man.

Though her eyes were large, dark, and warmly lustrous there undeniably was a slight cast in the left one which gave her, at times, a sort of stricken look. Oddly enough, men

found this attractive, perhaps because it imparted a momentarily helpless and appealing aspect.

The third girl, Lacey, was seven years younger than her second sister and represented Mrs. Lynnton's last try for a son. Lacey turned out a tomboy and small wonder. As each of the three had been intended by their parents to be males, only masculine names had been provided for them before birth.

With the advent of the third girl Mrs. Lynnton, admitting final defeat, had hastily attempted to change the name from Lacey to Laura. But Lacey it remained.

You were always seeing photographs of the three in airy organdies and sashes posed with arms about one another's waist in front of white-columned porticoes with a well-bred hunting dog or two crouched in the foreground. But Race Lynnton—Dr. Horace Lynnton in all the encyclopedias and Who's Whos and medical journals—had really brought them up with a free hand and an open mind.

Though the girls moved with grace and distinction they were generally considered too thin. Theirs were long, clever-looking hands rather than little dimpled ones; theirs a spirited manner; little money and small prospect of more, being daughters of a very dedicated surgeon-physician-scientist.

"I declare," Mrs. Lynnton would say—she frequently prefaced her statements with a warning salvo such as I declare or I must say or if you want my opinion—"I declare, Leslie, I sometimes think your father and I will have you on our hands an old maid. Leigh was late enough, twenty-three when she married, but look at her now, Lady Karfrey! So it turned out well enough in spite of her sarcastic ways when she was a girl."

"But, mama, you didn't marry papa until you were past twenty. And you did pretty well for yourself, you will admit. Married to the most wonderful man in the world, that's all."

"I married your father because he asked me, and that's the truth. I was no beauty and neither are you. You treat men as if they were girl friends, though you've had a hundred chances I must say."

"Not quite a hundred, mama. Perhaps ten."

"Most girls have had one, and snatched at it, and don't let them tell you anything different. If you're not married next year I'm going to dress up Lacey and put her in the parlor. She'll be seventeen soon, and there she is out at the stables day and night. It's time she learned that all males aren't quadrupeds." She had a somewhat tangy tongue of her own, Nancy Lynnton.

Equipped thus rather meagrely for matrimony, one would justifiably have thought the three Lynnton sisters fated for spinsterhood. On the contrary, the big shabby Virginia house was clogged with yearning swains. Young Washington career men; slightly balding European sub-diplomats and embassy secretaries in striped trousers and cutaways; Virginia and Maryland squires of the huntin', ridin', and slightly run-down set; with a sprinkling of New York lawyers and Wall Street men, and even an occasional mid-western businessman.

Doctors who came ostensibly to confer with Horace Lynnton ended up in the vast hospitable kitchen (for the Lynntons were famous cooks in defiance of a day and place in which cooking was considered menial). Beaux haunted the verandahs, the parlors, the stables. They swarmed all over the place—to the dismay of neighboring beauties—much as bees will sometimes desert the stately cool rose for a field of heady wild red clover.

As for the boasted Virginia back-

ground, this lay so far in the past as to be misty by the centuries and discernible only to Mrs. Lynnton's somewhat bemused eye.

A great-great-grandfather had sailed overseas to Virginia in the sixteen hundreds, one of those indentured servants or gaol bait whose descendants later became First Families of Virginia perhaps as legitimately as their more aristocratic contemporaries. But this traveller's son too had possessed the spirit of roving adventure. He had moved with the tide of travel from Virginia to Kentucky to Indiana to Ohio.

Mrs. Lynnton always skipped lightly over these geographical intervals when she spoke of herself as having descended from one of the F.F.V.'s. Leslie and Lacey made nothing of this, or best regarded it as a family joke. Leigh—now Lady Karfrey—having inherited something of her mother's snobbishness, took the doubtful distinction more seriously.

As for Dr. Horace Lynnton, late of Ohio, here was a great human being and a dedicated spirit disguised as a tall somewhat shambling man in a crumpled suit and bow tie slightly askew so that his wife or one of three daughters seemed always to be busy under his chin.

When finally, during what came to be called the First World War, he had moved with his family to the once stately but now rather ramshackle house in Virginia it was because he could give his brilliant brain his surgical genius and his magic hands to the rehabilitation of the thousands of broken boys who, veterans of the gruesome war years in 1917 and 1918, filled the nearby hospitals of Washington, Virginia, and Maryland.

Though there was only a physician's income behind it, profusion was characteristic of the Lynnton menage. Horses in the weathered stables; the more delicate and savory of American cooking in



**Second long
instalment of
our sensational
new serial by
the author of
"Show Boat."**

the kitchen with no Southern grease-fried indigestibles to mar it. There were succulent soft-shell crabs from Maryland, smoked Virginia hams, Ohio maple sugar and pancakes, little plump white chickens, button-size hot biscuits with golden pools of butter between their brown cheeks. Terrapin. Oyster. Succotash. Devil's-food cake.

Profusion not only of food but of gaiety and laughter; of good talk at dinner and after. Sweet-scented flowers in the rambling garden, deep-cushioned, shabby, handsome chairs, vast beds, and capacious fireplaces, sherry on the sideboard, leisure in the air, and wit to spice the whole of this.

Bick Benedict was no fool, and he hadn't been twenty minutes on the place before he realised that this was a run-down old Southern shebang in need of about fifty thousand dollars in repairs. Not that he was there in the role of anything but guest, and that of the most transitory nature. In Washington on business he had come down to the Lynnton place in Virginia to look at a horse and to buy it if possible.

By the purest of accidents Dr. Horace Lynnton had found himself owner of a long-legged, rangy filly who had turned out to be a gold mine. As horses, to him, were four-legged animals meant for riding or for driving he was more bewildered than pleased. Offered in part payment of a bill which was already absurdly small, Dr. Lynnton had good-naturedly accepted the unwanted animal.

"She's an accident," the owner had confessed. "And I won't say she's any good except for one of your girls to ride. She's one of Wind Wings."

"But I can't accept her," Dr. Lynnton had protested. "You said her sire was Wind Wings!"

"Yes, but the dam was a stray that we kept for my little Betsy to jog around on. She got into the paddock by mistake. Not that it matters; except that I want you to know that on her mother's side she hasn't a drop of good blood in her that I know of. She'll never run."

"Prince and peasant girl," said Horace Lynnton. "A combination that has been known to produce amazing results. Sire for speed, they say. Dam for stamina."

They named her My Mistake, but in spite of this by the time she was three years old it began to appear that she would soon romp away with everything from New York to Mexico.

Bick Benedict, of Texas, had sought out Horace Lynnton in Washington not as the famous man of science but as the owner of My Mistake.

"Is she for sale?" he asked.

"I suppose so. I don't go in for racing. She was meant for my youngest daughter—to ride around the country roads."

"Could I see her?"

"Drive out with me this afternoon if you care to, stay for dinner and overnight."

"Thanks. I'll be glad to drive out but I can't stay. I've got business engagements here in Washington."

But he never left—or practically never—until he and Leslie were off for their honeymoon and Texas.

In the first twenty-four hours of his stay at the Lynnton's Jordan

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Snatching up armfuls of delicate clothing, the Mexican woman bowed to Leslie. "Buenas noches, senora."

Illustrated by

OH, HENRY!

A short story complete on this page
BY P. J. HEENAN

BESPECTACLED studious, twenty-year-old Henry Witham peered hopefully at the mirror, began the patter supplied by the "Elite College of Magicians and Conjurers," and tried to palm a penny without being able to see himself do so in the mirror.

"This is definitely no good," he complained, giving up in disgust when every movement was painfully obvious.

Henry, a confirmed correspondence-course addict, had become, in the course of time, a hypnotist, a short-story writer, an artist, a cartoonist, a fine dancer, a ju-jitsu expert, and, despite his frail build, a strong man of note.

He had never tested his talents on an impartial audience, but that omission did not lessen his own opinion of his accomplishments, nor did it prevent him from excursions into other fields of self-improvement.

He now spent his Saturday afternoons acquiring the noble art of legerdemain. According to the free prospectus, he would soon be able to amaze and delight his friends. He would be the life of the party.

He would be in demand. He could go on the stage if he wished. All for the paltry sum of £5/10/-.

Henry had been unable to resist such blandishments. He parted with the money.

Again he fronted the mirror, determined to become proficient and get his money's worth. Lucy, his eighteen-year-old sister, chose that moment to enter.

"Well, what now?" she inquired knowingly. She stood watching Henry watching himself in the mirror. "The antics you get up to," she added disparagingly.

"Get a load of this," cried Henry, clumsily palming the coin in his left hand. "Enforcing the power of mind over matter I will make this penny disappear," he intoned, and waved his clenched right fist about as if the coin was in it.

Misdirection, the school informed him, was most important and was cultivated to a fine degree by every good performer. Henry made more violent action with his right hand and screwed up his face to simulate mental effort, but Lucy deflated him by staring pointedly at the hand that held the coin.

"I need more practice," Henry muttered. "In private," Lucy took the hint, and departed.

During the months that followed, Henry practised assiduously, taunted by Lucy and Eileen. They derided his efforts and stated that he would never have sufficient courage to inflict his stunts on anyone outside the family.

"Is that so," Henry grunted, stung deeply by their lack of faith in his ability. "It may interest you empty-headed adolescents to learn that I have offered my services at the charity concert at the local theatre at the end of the month."

It was a rash statement, and he regretted it immediately he had uttered it. The regret blossomed into panic as the days slipped by.

Henry did not relish the idea of retracting the statement, so he was forced to adopt the unhappy alternative. After much quaking and many hesitations he offered his services to the theatre management. The management was short of acts and welcomed Henry without an audition, much to his discomfiture.

Henry returned home, and somehow got his misgivings under control. He knew he was reasonably dexterous. More than good enough for a charity show. Why should he worry? And after it was over, Eileen and Lucy would have to cease their unsuitable torments. In addition, there was a chance that he might get a stage contract from it. Yes, he would definitely see it through now.

"C Night," as Henry had come to call it, arrived and found him confident. Henry had even persuaded his sisters to act as assistants. They were to sit in the audience, and come on when he called for participants. They were to pretend not to know him. No hint of collaboration must mar his presentations.

Had Henry been able to read his sisters' minds his fears would have returned and multiplied. And he certainly would have banished them from sharing his act. For they, sweet-natured souls, intended to cure him of wasting his money. It was for his own good that they were going to make a fool of him before a halfpenny of people. He would then be able to see for himself how worthless such courses really were.

The concert progressed to interval. Henry came on soon after, executed a number of simple tricks, and bowed enthusiastically to the polite applause. He was gradually working up to the more elaborate tricks, as advised by "The Elite College of Magicians and Conjurers."

And as his stage fright disappeared his presentation improved.

Eileen began to have doubts. "It is not too bad, after all," she whispered to Lucy. "Perhaps we had better not spoil his act."

"Hokey," Lucy answered. "He'll soon forget this lark, and try something else. We may as well stop him now before he becomes a pauper."

Henry finally arrived at the stage where he required a stooge. Lucy beat another contender for the honor by five rows of seats.

"Yes, you'll do fine, Miss," Henry smiled, and helped his sister on to the stage.

"What do I have to do, Henry?" Lucy's voice was innocently loud. "Shh," Henry whispered. "You are not supposed to know me."

A number of people suppressed murmurs of mirth with difficulty. The audience was determined to be polite to these amateurs giving of their best for charity. Lucy assisted with a couple of tricks which she was unable to mar. So she stepped back "carelessly" and succeeded in bumping over some apparatus, thereby exposing the secrets of some of Henry's earlier tricks.

"Foolish wench. Be more careful," Henry howled, forgetting, in his anger and confusion, that he had an audience. Some of the audience laughed outright, and others, not sure whether this was part of the act or not, followed suit. Red-faced, Henry called for another volunteer. Eileen answered the summons.

Henry produced three large wooden beads and threaded them on two pieces of stout white cord while he informed the audience that he intended to cause the cords to pass through the beads. He further informed them that such a feat was possible only when the "Magic Beads" were in the dark. He exhibited the gaudy cloth that was to produce the necessary darkness and handed the ends of the ropes to his sisters.

Lucy knew the secret of this trick. This was the chance she had been waiting for.

She tripped backwards and tugged on the ropes.

The large red bead in the middle fell to the floor, leaving exposed the two loops of rope it had been holding together. And consequently exposing the simple deception by which a fine magical effect can be obtained.

Henry lost his temper, became oblivious of everything except the fact that one of his best tricks had been ruined and he had been made to look an idiot. "You idiot," he yelled. "I ought to have known better than to have asked you up here."

Viciously he kicked the fallen bead to the end of the stage. He snatched the ropes and the bead dangling on each from the girls and hurled them savagely into the wings.

The audience was laughing happily.

Eileen did her best to soothe Henry, but only made him worse. He finally chased the girls off the stage, much to the delight of the crowd.

Henry returned dismally to the microphone in the middle of the stage. "I will now do my fire-eating act," he said humbly. "Without any further mishaps and interruptions," he added sourly and flung a baleful look at his sisters as they retreated.

But preceding events had unnerved Henry to such an extent that he was clumsy. Half-way through the act his tie dangled unnoticed

into the spirits. With the proximity of two flaring torches it was only a matter of seconds before it became a third torch. Henry promptly doused the torches and tore off his tie.

He hurled everything he could see to the back of the stage, rage and humiliation so isolating him from things around him that he was unaware of the applause of the audience. Before he called for the curtain to be rung down Henry took his bow like a true troupier.

And he suddenly realised the portent of the solid applause. They had believed that all those unfortunate occurrences were part of the act. Henry decided to let them continue in that belief.

He smiled triumphantly, bowed himself gracefully off the stage, and went home in high spirits. His sisters remained to the end of the concert.

Lucy was very contrite as the two sisters walked homeward. She had not realised that she would hurt her brother so deeply.

"How will we ever be able to face him," she asked Eileen. "I don't know," Eileen replied dismally.

The living-room light was on as they trudged up the front path.

"He is waiting for us," Lucy

wailed. "Oh, what will we do?"

"We'll just have to go in and say how sorry we are."

Fearfully they entered the room. Henry had a violent temper.

"Ha! Hullo, girls," he called cheerfully. "Thanks for the great idea."

Lucy and Eileen were speechless.

Eileen recovered quickly and went across to Henry, who was studying a magazine very earnestly. "What great idea?" she asked in a small voice.

"This," said Henry, and pointed to a page.

Eileen read: "Be a success. Be witty and earn BIG money. Our carefully graded course tells you how. 'Be a Comedian' is the greatest sensation of this age. Fill in the coupon below, immediately. Only a limited number of free copies available. Get in early and earn big money in your spare time. Don't delay. Rush the coupon now."

Eileen noticed that the coupon had been filled in. "I need only a little guidance," Henry explained elatedly. "I have reason to believe I am a natural comedian."

"Oh, Henry!" Eileen groaned resignedly. Then to Lucy: "Come on. Let's go to bed. We did no damage."

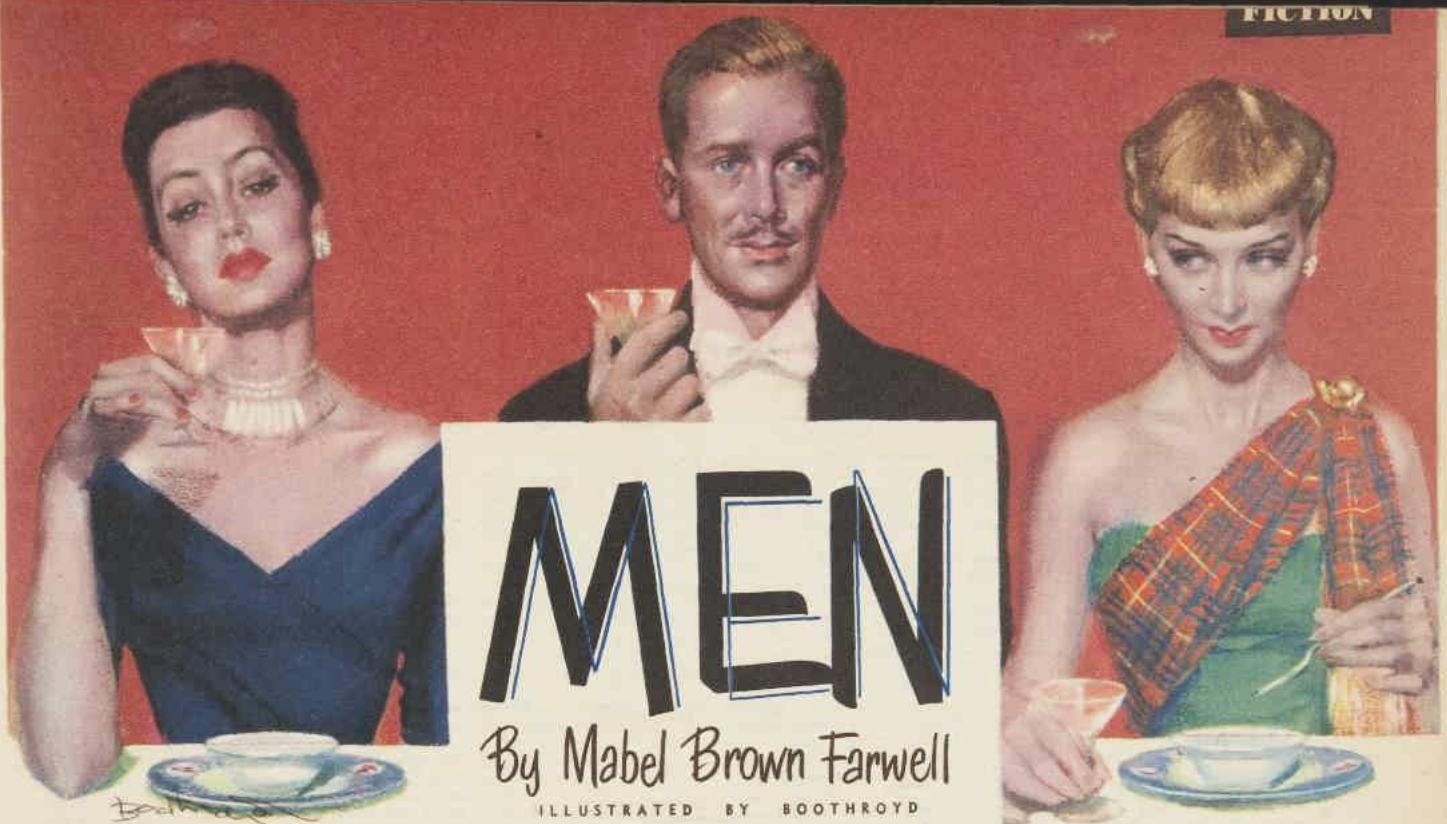
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Henry practised his magic, but Eileen and Lucy were always watching and teasing him.



Illustrated by

Hedderon



MEN

By Mabel Brown Farwell

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LAST autumn Binkie Drew happened to me, Margery Halliday. She was in my European history class, dark, close-cut, curly hair, and eyes that watched every move I made.

There was nothing she didn't know or any place she hadn't read about or been.

For eleven years I'd taught at Miss Dexter's, a private school for girls outside Washington, and I'd had all kinds of exciting contacts—once removed—daughters of famous men, whose names you read in the newspapers, but none of them had happened to me, personally, as Binkie did.

I was thirty-two, hair blond, no wrinkles around the blue eyes, chin firm, figure passable, and I liked children anywhere from two days to sixteen years old.

I would sit in the chintz-covered chair in my room and see the future stretching ahead, and I'd wonder what I was going to do about it. Join a reading circle open to both men and women? Spend Christmas skiing instead of going, like an old stick-in-the-mud, to my married sister's?

How was I going to meet the consul or ambassador who was going to whirl me off to remote parts of the earth? And then Binkie came.

"Shall I tell about that?" she'd ask in her clear, pleasant voice which insisted upon being heard. And in a moment we were transplanted to Berlin, watching the airlift in operation. Or in San Francisco, with flags flying, inaugurating the United Nations. Or in Paris at a ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe.

All the things I'd always longed to do—and, at sixteen, she'd done them.

I was consumed by admiration for the child.

She was a shot-in-the-arm to my beloved debutantes: "Who does she think she is? My father's in the Senate. Her father's a colonel in the Army. What's the Army?" I heard the girls talking after dinner.

She was not a boarder. Her father

had rented a house not far away and she had only luncheon with us. I had her at my table one day that first month.

Jabbering French floated across the table—boys, football, dances, dates. More than once I tried to draw her into the stream, because I knew no one else would.

"Don't bother," she said. "It's fun to listen."

They may have thought they were ignoring her, but she was learning, and as the weeks went on she made a friend, Miff Powell, a tall, thin, sixteen-year-old.

Miff had been with us since she was ten, one of the Old Girls. Not brilliant, or even noticeable, but now Binkie's friend.

One afternoon they knocked on my sitting-room door.

"Miff and I," Binkie announced, "have finished the regular textbook. We want to know what's next?"

"Finished?"

Miff nodded.

"There are shelves of books in the library," I said. "Read anything you like."

"That would be stupid," Binkie spoke pleasantly. "For instance, what are you reading now?"

I'd hoped their eyes wouldn't wander to my desk, where the latest lush romance lay open. "The Times," I said boldly.

"Look," Binkie said, "why don't you plan to have dinner with us? With Miff and my father and me? What about to-morrow?"

Dinner with a stuffy Army man and his daughter on Friday night, the blissful night when I was off duty, when almost anything could happen, but never did?

"We'd lay out" a course of reading," Binkie urged. "We could go all out for Napoleon, Miff and I, or someone like that."

Lay out a course of reading on Napoleon! Pupils who wanted to! Never let it be said . . . "Well, all right."

I saw the look which passed between the two of them, almost smug-

ness. Binkie said, "And if it's possible, will you pick things, not battle routines and military stuff, but human things?"

No battle routines, but romance. That's what I found in the library. I started reading one of them that night and had finished it before Binkie appeared at five-thirty the next afternoon, followed by the faithful Miff. They took one look at me and shook their heads.

"It won't do," Binkie said.

"What won't?" I asked.

"The dress."

I had on my tailored blue wool.

"You see," Binkie explained, "Father doesn't like schoolteachers."

"What kind of a disguise, exactly, were you planning?"

Binkie went to my wardrobe closet. "Would it be awfully cheeky if Miff and I took a look at what you have in the way of something that rustles?"

They were so earnest, so sober. "Do we need to bother?" I asked, stifling a desire to laugh. "We're not interested in impressing anyone."

"You'll want to impress Colonel Drew," Miff assured me.

Binkie stood staring at me. "At least, pearls . . ."

I went to the bureau and got them; I clasped them around my neck. "Better?"

Binkie smiled doubtfully. "You see, I told father you looked like Jennifer Jones, except that you're blonde. I had to."

I put on my coat and gathered the books from the desk. "Well, on with Jennifer."

It was around the corner and down a block, and in that short space I had the life history of Colonel Drew. For the past eight or nine years since Binkie's mother had died, he had been hounded by women.

"He's wonderful," Miff sighed.

"I thought we were going to talk about history," I reminded them.

"We will," Binkie promised, "but if father seems difficult, we want you to understand."

He sounded like a cross between a monster and a demon, but he was neither. He was a lion, a big, tawny, silky giant, with golden hair, blue eyes, and a charming smile. Perhaps there were claws, but they didn't show.

"You do look a little like Jennifer Jones," he said as he took my hand.

"Didn't I tell you, Father?" Binkie breathed down his neck with excitement.

"But you're probably set in your ways, like all schoolteachers."

"Probably." A soft answer turneth away trouble, I told myself.

"And opinionated."

A conceited, set, opinionated male! And the dinner was a man's meal—a yard of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding. Virile food topped off by apple pie and cheese and coffee.

"Miss Halliday," Miff said, "grew up in the country. She is keen on horses."

"She rides like mad," Binkie added.

"Just like a female Hopalong Cassidy," I agreed.

He asked me why I had become a teacher.

"My sister and I went to school here," I told him, "and we stayed in Washington when we left school."

"But why to teach?"

"A girl must live."

"If I were running a school, I'd hire only married women."

"Father has very prejudiced views," Binkie interposed.

Miff frowned, and Binkie changed the subject.

He left us after dinner. Binkie installed me on the sofa before the fire, and we talked about school and life in general, and finally got around to Napoleon.

"Why Napoleon?" I asked.

"He had Josephine," Binkie admitted.

Miff said, "A brilliant, worldly creature."

"But still, why Napoleon?" I insisted.

At that fatal dinner-party the colonel was seated between Margery and the elegant Mrs. Carver.

"It's father, of course," Binkie sighed. "How can I go about living my own life as long as I have him on my mind? He's a prey to the helpless, the fluttering. For instance, he rented this house from a widow."

"Her name is Mrs. Carver. She calls him 'dear boy' and he eats it up."

"She's always appearing here. She says she's going to do over" the kitchen or get new curtains for the study. I can be up in my room, and suddenly a wave of the most nauseating perfume comes drifting in, and I know she's downstairs with father and I have to go and rescue him. She has pots of money and a pill of a son. I'd rather shoot him than have him for a brother."

"For years your father has stayed immune," I offered.

"But now," Binkie warned, "he's practically forty and he sees the hair receding and the waistline expanding and—"

"And while he's still all in one piece," Miff finished, "he's going to get himself a woman."

Binkie smiled. "So we're going to study Josephine and Napoleon. Then Cleo and Mark Anthony and Caesar."

"It will give you something constructive to do, but it won't solve the father problem," I said. "Believe me."

"We can't do it without you."

"Me?"

They looked at each other. "Of course."

And with those words, the dear little idiots gave themselves away. As plain as if they had said it, they told me that this great interest in history was merely a ruse, a pretext, to get me to the house, not once but often, to throw the colonel

It hardly seemed likely that she would get the one she really wanted

intelligent woman (as they thought) for his downfall.

"And where will you find this Josephine?" I asked innocently.

"We have someone in mind." They looked at each other knowingly.

The Colonel returned at ten-thirty.

"Come along, Miss Halliday," he said. "I'll walk you home."

It was the Army voice, and five minutes later we were on our way. "Don't think," he remarked almost immediately, "that Bernice invited you tonight out of whimsy."

The direct approach! "No?" "She invited you for one object: Matrimony." He was laughing. "You have been chosen. You're it."

"Me?" I could laugh, too. "You." His heels made a sharp ring on the pavement.

"Bernice is not very subtle. I've been hearing about you for weeks. You like horses, you're funny, you're intelligent. You're young. Go ahead. Tell me some more. Impress me."

I walked on. "Well, I still

Continuing . . . Men

have all my teeth. I can touch the floor with my finger-tips. I read without glasses and—"

"Look!" He stopped. "Would you have a drink somewhere with me?"

"Why?"

"Does there have to be a reason?"

Certainly there had to be a reason.

"I couldn't compete with Josephine," I told him.

"What are you talking about?"

"Binkie and Miff. They're going to find a brain for you. But fluttering and helpless for romance."

He snorted. "I'm not talking about romance!"

"I'm talking about a precocious sixteen-year-old. She needs a woman, and, as long as she's picked you, why don't you take her under your wing?" he asked.

"She's not the kind you take under your wing. What could I do for her?"

"I'd rather cut off my right hand than hurt her." That

was the nearest he could come to saying he loved her.

"But she needs to become absorbed in people her own age and stop worrying about me," the Colonel added.

"As long as she's the only woman in your life, she'll worry about you."

"Or as long as I'm the only man in her life. That's what I'm talking about."

At last we had come to the school. I held out my hand. "She'll come out all right. She's intelligent."

"Book learning. That's the trouble. You know what she lacks for a moment, took it, and then looked at me. 'Or do you?' he asked.

And before he'd leave, I had to promise that I'd try to find out. Perhaps I could do for Binkie what it was too late for anyone to do for me . . .

On Monday I sent for Binkie to come to my office. After wrestling mentally for two days, I had a plan which I thought might absorb her in people her own age.

That's what the Colonel had asked for. But I knew, it couldn't be too simple; if there were no challenge in it, there would be no interest, either.

She came, bringing the books with her. "Miff and I loved them," she said. "Josephine had it all over Mrs. Carver." She sat beside the desk. "Tell me, did you like Father?"

"Very much, but that isn't why I sent for you. It's Miff. You're the first girl who's ever seen possibilities in her."

"Miff? Why, she's terrific."

"The perfect wallflower." Binkie shrugged. "Miff doesn't care. We wouldn't lift an eyebrow for anyone we've seen to date."

"But lifting an eyebrow is important. Especially to Miff. I've seen the longing in her face when she's been watching the girls in the lounge after dinner, the girls who get the telephone calls, the confident ones. You could do wonderful things for Miff . . ."

Binkie leaned her elbow on my desk. "I wouldn't know where to begin."

"You could learn. You're smart, and Miff adores you, too. You're really her only friend."

Binkie's eyes stared into space. "I don't know. I have Father . . ."

"He'd be willing to help with Miff." I laughed. "He has the whole Army for the two of you to practice on."

"Do you know what? He thinks you're a panic. You've broken his superstition about schoolteachers. He says he's going to use you as an escape mechanism."

"Not very flattering, is it?" "Why, Miff and I were pleased that he even mentioned you afterwards."

"Miff with you," I reminded her. "That's what we're talking about."

"I'll make a bargain with you. I'll take Miff off your hands if you'll take Father off mine."

I'd forgotten that a game is something two can play at. "How?"

"If he asks you out to dinner, will you go?"

"And if he does, is it Mrs. Carver I'm to outwit?"

"Mrs. Carver and her ilk." And then she left me, with a bit of parting advice: "Father

loves taffeta. It could be black and tailored if you insist."

But I knew what I was doing. Or did I? On Wednesday night I had a telephone call from the Colonel. "I haven't had my mail opened or my motives questioned for three days. How did you do it?" he wanted to know.

"Simple," I told him. "You are now my problem."

"How is that?"

"I haven't worked it out. Perhaps you can. But it's a bargain between Binkie and me." I paused, and then went on: "I suppose we could go to the library and read a book together."

"We could."

He took me to the pictures that week. The next week it was dinner. "I always tell Binkie," he said, "when I see you. How's her plan?"

I told him about Miff. "She's had the long, flaxen shoulder mane deleted and she's lost some of her diffidence."

"I thought something had happened," he replied. "They had the Carver boy over on Sunday and went to work on him."

"Rather a mediocre specimen, I understand."

The Colonel lifted his eyebrows. "Mediocre? Not at all. He's the lad-about-town, quite a cross to his mother."

"Just the one, then, for them to practice their new technique on."

So you see there was nothing romantic about our relationship. We were a teacher and a father, but you couldn't



"Imagine having to do this all the time just so you can have a man round the house."

make anyone believe that. The telephone rang for me and I went places.

I was beginning to know my way about. The other teachers asked for information in roundabout ways. Even the girls were impressed.

It was funny what happened to me. I bought the black taffeta; I used the perfume which teachers always collect at Christmas. I was getting used to a hand beneath my elbow, an admiring look from head waiters when I dined out.

And then I told the Colonel that fathers were invited to our Christmas dance, a week away. "What do you do with them?" he asked.

I raised my hands in a floating, utterly female way. "Dance with them."

"Are you inviting me?"

"That was the idea."

And he came. Miff dashed into my room that night with excitement in her eyes. "Oh, Miss Halliday," she said, "Colonel Drew is here."

"He's a father, Miff. They're always invited." Then I saw the new Miff—angelic in blue tulle, with a coral velvet ribbon in her little girl's hairdo, a bracelet of tiny orchids.

"From Buzzy Carver," she

said shyly. "I think Binkie would like to be taking him to-night, but"—eyes shielded—"I asked him first."

All of us playing a game, weren't we? But that night we were happy and the Colonel kissed me. About the third dance or so, he came looking for me.

"Do you dance?" he asked, as he put his arm around me.

We did two or three measures, and then he looked down at me. "Why didn't you tell me you could dance?" he asked.

The lights went out and colored slides were put in a baby spotlight which searched the floor like a restless spirit. "This," I said, "they adore. It's Miss Dexter's Christmas present to them—the opportunity to kiss and be caught, but not punished."

It was then. His lips were firm and did strange things to me. He didn't know he was kissing someone who had been waiting eleven years.

"A soldier," he said against my hair, "like a patriot, is taught to do his duty—when he sees it waiting to be done."

Well, that was the kiss, make what you like of it. I remembered it all the way on the train to my sister's the next day. "I can tell," Kathleen said. "You have that look. Darling, you are in love."

I played with my three nephews. Sometimes I didn't hear when people spoke to me. I kept thinking about the Colonel.

I tried to tell myself that he had a temper, that he was bossy, that he wasn't the ambassador I'd decided on long ago, and then I'd remember that kiss!

And I'd think about having a child like Binkie for a daughter, and I didn't try to fool myself after that.

Before I knew it, almost, I was back. "He's missed you. Hally," Binkie told me. She sat in my room with all the light gone out of her face.

"Looks to me," I said, "as if you'd laid an egg and hatched yourself a trouble while I've been away."

She nodded apathetically. "Miff's been to stay with me."

"And?"

Binkie flung a leg across the arm of her chair. "I wish I'd never promised to change Miff. I'm going to forget boys. They just waste your time. Miff spends hours fixing her hair, writing notes, talking on the telephone. She's let her mind slide to the vanishing point."

"Buzzy?"

"Among others. She's turned out to be really terrific, I guess."

Was that the green of jealousy I detected in the blue eyes? "If Miff, why not you, too?"

She shook her head. "I don't care to become one of those trained chimps, going starry-eyed, melting like a gumdrop."

"You could melt a little."

"Are you melting, Hally?"

"Didn't you want me to?"

I asked her.

Her hands hung listlessly as she gazed out the window. "I suppose so . . ."

There was Binkie—on the outside, looking in. It was time I remembered my promise to the Colonel. All January, February, and March I tried. It was the Carver boy, and no doubt about it.

The Drew house became

TREATING SNAKEBITE

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A special article in the January issue of A.M. includes detailed, step-by-step instructions for emergency treatment.

practically a home to him. To Miff, and I guess to me, too.

Sunday nights I'd don a frilly apron and whip up a cheese-something, and we'd eat at the table in the big, old-fashioned kitchen, the Colonel telling his jokes; Miff looking big-eyed and innocent at her myle following; Binkie unconcerned; and Buzzy Carver always dreaming of something.

I'd fallen for Buzzy in the first five minutes I knew him. He was big and awkward and simple, a dreamer, and a brain.

He drew things on paper—carburetors, self-lifting bottle caps, propellers—his mind always working to discover a simpler way to do all ordinary things.

"A genius," I told the Colonel one night.

His gaze wandered to his daughter, to Miff, to the other young faces, and then back to me. "Fun, isn't it?" he asked.

More fun than I'd ever known . . .

Then, abruptly, it was over. No call on Tuesday night, no dinner on Wednesday, a Friday night when I refused to play canasta with the other teachers for fear the telephone would ring and I couldn't be found to answer it.

The Colonel was ill, I decided; he'd been sent on a secret mission. But my pride wouldn't let me ask Binkie. It was ridiculous to feel so lost. Sunday would come, and the Colonel with it. But Sunday came and I ate supper in the school dining-room.

On Monday I read in the "Society Chatter" that Mrs. Carver had entertained the day

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before, and the Colonel's name was on the guest list. And why not?

It had taken me a week to discover it, but finally I saw that the bargain was ended. Binkie was launched; boys were in and out of the house; and now the Colonel could go on his way unhampered.

On Friday Binkie stopped at the desk on her way out. "Ride with me this afternoon, Hally?"

It was a day to be happy, filled with the promise of spring. We took the hurdles together. We let our animal spirits loose and forgot our troubles.

And then, when we were riding back to the stables, she asked me to come home to dinner with her.

"You stay here," I suggested.

"Don't you want to come? Are you afraid of Father?"

Inside the stables I unbuckled a saddle strap. "Men," I said, "give me the willies."

"Hally"—Binkie laid a hand on my shoulder—"I've got the willies. You mustn't have them, too. I'm relying on you."

"On me! When I'm relying on you!"

She looked me fearlessly in the eye. "I've got something to tell you. All these months while I've been moping over Miff and forgetting Father because I thought he was safe with you, he's been seeing Mrs. Carver."

I looked back as fearlessly. "We should have guessed he would."

"We're not going to let him get away with it, are we?"

"Who are we to stop him?"

She pounded me lightly on the shoulder. "Over my dead body. To-night I'm going to rescue him, but you'll have to help me. We're having Mrs. Carver to dinner. And Buzzy and Miff and some of Father's young men from the Pentagon. And you."

"Not me, pet. I can't think of anything more uncomfortable than to come face to face with the famous Carver."

"Josephine would never have had Napoleon if she'd given up, Hally. He's a push-over for you—if you'll only try."

"So . . ." She gripped my arm and shook it. "You're letting me down!"

The nicest child I'd ever known—and she thought I was letting her down. I reached over and kissed the cool, firm young cheek.

"I've looked everywhere for hope and seen only hopelessness. You don't know how I've needed you," I said. "Are you taking me in hand as you once took Miff?"

"Am I, indeed!" She held me off and looked appraisingly at me. "I've decided it's time to be brazen! Both of us."

It was a little before seven when I arrived at the Drew mansion, and don't think I didn't have misgivings. Don't think I hadn't vibrated between going and not going a hundred times while I was tearing into town and buying a green bouffant dinner dress with a plaid scarf worn daintily across one shoulder, while I was dashing home with it and putting it on, and even while I was riding in a taxi to the battleground.

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Continuing . . . Men

And then I entered the living-room, and saw the Colonel's startled look.

"Goodness, Hally," he said, getting up from the divan where he'd been sitting with Mrs. Carver. "I didn't know you were coming."

I tried to smile. "It's Binkie," I told him. "And, you know, when she insists, who can say no?"

Binkie came swishing across the room to fortify me. "Hally! You look wonderful."

I glanced out of the corner of my eye, to see with satisfaction that Mrs. Carver was conscious of my presence.

"I wonder if you've met Emmalene?" the Colonel was asking.

And there she was, standing beside him, her arm linked through his. Completely charming. A worthy antagonist, raven-black hair, shrewd eyes, and lacquered manners. "Shall I introduce Hally to your young men?" she asked the Colonel. "They'll love her."

"Not yet," Binkie said. "First, you've got to help me with the place cards, Mrs. Carver. They're in an awful muddle."

Emmalene immediately assumed her role of adviser. "Of course, dear child. I should have offered." She dropped the Colonel's arm, giving it a little tap. "You talk to Hally for a minute, dear, and then I'll be back to take over."

"Doesn't she think I know how to take over?" I asked.

The Colonel was grinning down at me. "Very fetching," he said. "I'd better keep my eye on you this evening."

He should ask! I gazed at the young people standing around the piano at the far end of the room—Miff and Buzzy and some strangers, three men and a girl. "Miff always gathers her men," I said. "Maybe Binkie and I could learn from her."

He chuckled and patted my hand. "Fair enough. Shall I take you over and introduce you?"

"Any particular one you'd recommend?"

"Any one of them. There's a dash about you to-night, Hally, that bodes no good for some man. How about Captain Merritt? He's the red-head."

There was a young major and his wife, Captain Merritt, and a lieutenant. But it was Captain Merritt for me. He might have twisted my heart a little if I hadn't already had it twisted securely in the Colonel's direction.

In the half-hour before dinner we made surprising progress. I heard the story of his life, and it made fascinating listening. "You're an amazing creature," he said, walking toward the dining-room with me. "Why haven't you been in Washington before?"

Mrs. Carver was seated at the Colonel's right and I at

his left. Protocol, I suppose. But when Captain Merritt discovered that he had been placed far down on the opposite side, he merely switched his place card to my side.

"What's the deal, anyway?" Merritt said. "You introduce me to Hally and five minutes later you separate us."

"It's okay," Binkie declared. "Everyone always wants to sit next to Hally."

The Captain stayed, and the soup came on.

"Would you like to hear some wonderful news?" Emmalene Carver smiled brightly toward the end of the table where Binkie and Buzzy were sitting next to each other. "It's about Buzzy. He's sold one of his perfectly ridiculous inventions—a clothesline-winder thing."

"Why, I know," Binkie said. "The brake for the rotary clothes drier so it won't swing in the wind when you're hanging out the wash."

Buzzy looked at her with amazement. "How did you remember?"

"Don't be silly. I remember all of them." With her fingers she drew lines on the damask cloth. "It looks like this."

"That's marvellous, Buzz," Miff said from across the table, but he didn't hear her. He was too busy watching Binkie.

So he was the pill of a son, was he? The one she'd rather shoot? Well, I'd been wrong once, too, when I'd thought Army men were stuffy. And now I had one, but not my choice, going romantic about me in no silent way.

It was gratifying, but, once started, I hoped I'd know when to stop. All through dinner he gave me no opportunity to say even two words to the Colonel.

By dessert, Merritt and I had arrived intermittently at his twenty-fifth year and the Battle of the Bulge. "Look here," he said, "what do you suppose we'll do after dinner?"

"I've got my car with me. We could go for a drive and watch the moon and talk. The Colonel won't mind. I could show you a little of the city. How would you like that?"

"Mm," I said. . . . Go driving around a town which I knew like the inside of my hand and leave the home field to Emmalene?

"Be serious for a minute. I mean it," he urged.

The fingerbowl was on the table and I could see a coffee tray waiting in the living-room. Binkie and Buzzy got up, their arms around each other.

"Come on," they said. "We're going to turn on the music."

Merritt laid his napkin down. "What did I tell you? At least, you'll dance with me. And I want to hear all about Hollywood."

"Hollywood?" A mistake had been made somewhere.

DON'T LOOK SO INNOCENT. He turned me around until I faced him. "Binkie told me. I know you're understudying for Jennifer Jones."

And for the better part of an hour I had thought it was my intrinsic worth which had captivated him. Jennifer Jones and Hollywood and Binkie!

"Coming, Hally?" The Colonel stood in the doorway with Emmalene.

Merritt took my arm. "Coming, sir," he said.

Emmalene sat on the divan behind the urn and sipped coffee with the Colonel while the rest of us danced.

"I'm trying to get Hally to tell me about the movies," Merritt called.

"Dance with me and I'll tell you," Binkie said.

Miff and her lieutenant moved dreamily to the music, supremely happy and completely oblivious. Miff had learned, hadn't she? Perhaps I could.

"I've hardly said two words to the Colonel all evening," I told my partner. "It might be a good idea while you're dancing with Binkie."

The major and his wife had joined Emmalene when I made my way to the divan and squeezed in beside the Colonel.

"Well," he grumbled, "it's about time. In a minute I was going to send out the militia to look for you."

"The militia is here and wants to take me to see the moon."

"Hally"—Emmalene leaned across the Colonel and spoke to me—"you don't mind if I call you Hally, do you? Have you noticed Binkie to-night? She is being perfectly precious to Buzzy. And he's thought for months she didn't like him."

"She adores him," I assured her. "Brain to brain, I suppose."

Emmalene looked teasingly at the Colonel. "I've always heard that there are two kinds of men—the ones born to protect us and the ones born to understand. Binkie might choose the brain, but I think I prefer the protecting kind."

Then she turned back to the major and his wife, and for a few minutes the conversation was general until she suggested a bridge game for the four of them.

"What about Hally?" the Colonel asked.

"I'll go and tear another page from Miff's book," I said, getting up.

The Colonel reached out and held on to my hand for a moment as if there were something he wanted to say to keep me with him.

But either he couldn't think of the words or else he changed his mind, because he dropped my hand and went looking for the card table.

"Laughing friends deride," they were singing around the piano. I felt like a woman without a country until Merritt saw me and led me on to the balcony.

Beauty in brief: EYE ACCENTS

By CAROLYN EARLE

☛ This is the brush era for cosmetic users. There are brushes for rouge and lipstick, a soft brush to smooth face-powder, and tiny ones for mascara and eyebrows.

A LIP-BRUSH can double for eyeshadow. Dust the tips of the bristles into the color, lower your eyelid, and, starting approximately at eye centre, haze color over so lightly close to the base of upper lashes. Draw the brush outward to the eye corners, tilting it gently upwards.

The natural shades of eyeshadow are blue, brown, blue-grey, and grey.

The use of either brown or blue-grey with a brown eyebrow pencil is recommended for daytime wear.

Brown eyeshadow can be mixed with a bit of powder-base to make its texture even more subtle.

If any one color of eyeshadow can be thought more generally becoming than another, it is blue, which gives a transparent look to delicate skin surrounding the eyes.

"Tell me how you got started," he said. "Tell me what was the first thing that happened to you when you got to Hollywood?"

"Tell me a story! I came in on the night train," I started. "The stars were all out—no pun intended—"

The music and the drumming stopped. Four young people came pounding out on to the porch.

"Look," the Captain said, "what about that ride? Get your coat and I'll bring the car around."

"We'll all go," Miff agreed. "You can chaperon us, Hally?"

"What about the Colonel?" the lieutenant asked.

"I'll take care of him," Binkie said.

"I'm taking Hally and no one else," Merritt said quietly.

And why not? It was novel to be wanted, even if he was mixing me up with Jennifer Jones. I left them on the porch and went upstairs to get my coat.

We'd go for a drive and when we returned the bridge game would be over and maybe I'd have a new slant on the situation. I put on fresh lipstick, threw the coat across my shoulders, and descended.

When I got to the foot of the stairs the Colonel was waiting there for me. It was dim and I couldn't see his face clearly, but I knew by the tone of his voice that he was disturbed.

"You're not leaving, are you?"

"I'm going for a drive," I said lightly.

"Merritt's a nice boy, but I suppose you know he's been around—"

"There are two kinds of men," I reminded him. "The ones who protect and the ones who—"

"You may be old enough to know better—"

"Do you mean I'm being rude?"

"I'm not talking about rude-

ness. I simply would prefer that you'd stay here."

While he played bridge with Emmalene? "I'll be back," I said. "I'm going to tell Merritt about Jennifer Jones." I started past him.

Before I knew what had happened he had grabbed me by the shoulders, stopping my progress. The selfish, opinionated, dominating male! He had forgotten me for two weeks and now, like a dog in the manger, when someone else—I tried to move and discovered I couldn't.

I lowered my head and butted with all my strength. He pinned my arms against his side and I could feel his laughter.

"Your fighting won't do you any good," he said. "I don't want you to go with Merritt. I don't want you to tell him about Jennifer Jones. . . . I want you to tell me."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" I asked him, trying to pull my hands away.

"I'll let you go when I've finished what I have to say. And that is—I'm jealous."

And I'd thought it was too late for a miracle. Here was the man I loved saying the words I'd never thought he'd say and I didn't know how to answer him. All the clever speeches, all the banter and sallies which had been stock in trade for years suddenly left me. I stood unarmed.

"Didn't you hear me?" he asked, releasing my hands.

"I heard . . ."

He took my face in his two hands. "This is a big moment, Hally," he told me. "You don't have to play for laughs." And he kissed me for the second time in his life.

When I'd recovered my breath I looked at him in the dimness, and from what I saw in his face I knew it was a big moment for both of us.

And that's what I meant when I said Binkie happened to me last autumn. Binkie and the Colonel. He is very opinionated and obstinate and I'm not enough of a Josephine to change him, but he is both the understanding and the protective kind, and no girl could ask for more. Could she?

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





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Holiday for One

BY JANET DUNBAR

It was a perfect place for a winter honeymoon. Robert and Jenny stood at the end of the promenade watching a cluster of fishing-boats sail out of the harbor below.

It might have been a Cornish village, instead of a popular holiday resort on the east coast. Now, out of the season, it seemed to be living a calm, private life of its own.

"Shall we stay?" asked Robert, and Jenny nodded. Arm in arm, they continued their stroll in the blowy sunshine, enjoying this unconventional way of planning a honeymoon. They'd been married four days and had spent three of them in London, doing some theatres and the sights. This morning they had decided to come to the sea—and here they were.

Their suitcases were at the station; they'd had lunch; there was plenty of time to find rooms; the afternoon was before them. With a luxurious feeling of leisure they walked, through the streets of the little seaside town.

Jenny could never afterwards quite pin down the first time she noticed the elderly woman in the navy coat and hat and green scarf; it might have been in one or two of the shops. They met again in the stationer's where Robert was buying a guide to the town and Jenny was glancing at the books on the library shelves.

The woman with the green scarf was choosing a book, and something in the way she held her head—slightly on one side—made Jenny look at her again. The squarish face was kindly—and it was also familiar. The blue-green scarf reminded Jenny of something, too, though she didn't know of what.

It was a queer, disquieting feeling. Memory darted this way and that through Jenny's mind, picking up a thread and trying to trace it back.

The woman left the shop carrying home some books, and Jenny took Robert's arm and turned in the same direction as the other. Who was she? And then, absurdly, came the notion that she had something to do with a hot-water bottle.

They had come again to the harbor, which curved round into a row of typical apartment houses: tall and narrow, with long windows and first-floor balconies, some of them a little shabby, but still wearing the grace of a bygone day. The woman stopped at the end house and went in. Jenny stopped, too. Hot-water bottle . . . hot-water bot . . .

Suddenly, sharply, recollection came.

"Robert! Did you notice the woman who went into that house? I've got to speak to her—I owe her two pounds!"

She laughed at the expression on his face. "I haven't gone mad, darling, honestly. I really do owe her two pounds. I wanted to pay her back ages ago, but I never found out who she was."

"Then how do you know it's the same person? Not that I can guess what on earth you're talking about, darling."

She led him over to the harbor wall and talked quickly and earnestly.

"I can give you only an outline, Robert. It was years ago—before the war—ages before we met. I was eighteen. I joined a party going to Paris for a holiday—a crowd I'd met at a dance. They were great fun, but I didn't realise until we were in Paris that they



Paris—the loveliest city in the world—
had no beauty for the eyes of the sad
Miss Farthingale, friendless and alone.

had heaps more money than I had.

"Like a fool, I tried to keep up with them. But when they decided to go on to Dinard I made an excuse and pretended I had to return home. I paid my bill on that last evening in the expensive Paris hotel—I was to leave next morning. Then I found I'd been a worse fool than I'd thought at first. I hadn't enough for the fare home."

"Couldn't you have borrowed from your grand friends?"

"They'd left. I felt pretty desperate. I sat in my room all evening wondering what to do, when all at once I heard a voice in the corridor outside. It got louder and louder. I opened the door and saw a woman holding out a green, crocheted hot-water bottle to one of the hotel boot-boys. She was saying, 'Bottle of hot water! Bouteille de l'eau chaud!'

"He obviously didn't know what was inside the crocheted cover or what she could want a bottle of hot water for. I went out into the corridor and explained to him, and he went off with the bottle. She said she'd been trying to find a chambermaid and couldn't—and we stood talking for a minute or two, saying how difficult things were in a foreign country when you didn't know the language very well.

"Somehow I started talking about myself—telling her how silly I'd been and the mess I'd got myself into. When the boy came back I said good-night and hurried into my room—I didn't want her to think I'd been hinting or begging!

I got up next morning wondering which of my friends in England I could wire to for some money, and remembered they would nearly all be away on holiday—and hard-up, in any case.

"Then—then—I saw something which had been pushed under the door. Two pound notes. I felt dreadful—and terribly grateful, too. I went down to the dining-room expecting to see the hot-water bottle woman—I wanted her name and address, of course, so that I could repay her in England. But she wasn't there.

"When I asked about her and tried to describe her they said several English ladies had left for the early boat-train. I hadn't a clue. But I always hoped some coincidence would let me meet her again—and now it has."

Jenny was already crossing the road to the house.

"But you don't know her name," said Robert.

"I soon shall," Jenny rang the bell.

The door opened, and a short, neat woman with the alert gaze of the seaside landlady looked from one to the other. Jenny became tongue-tied. There was a silence.

"Are you wanting apartments?" encouraged the neat woman, and Jenny nodded with relief.

"Why, yes, we are looking for rooms," she said.

In less than a minute they were sitting in a spotless parlor with polished windows looking out on the sea. The landlady, having sized them up to her satisfaction and found that their luggage was at the station, was brisk and to the point.

"My name is Mrs. McLeod and my terms are three guineas each per week for supper, bed, and breakfast, and no extras," she said.

Illustrated by

BROAD
HIRST

"This is your sitting-room and the bedroom is above."

The door in the hall clicked open, and closed. Jenny looked through the window and saw a glimpse of green scarf.

"That's Miss Farthingale," said Mrs. McLeod. "She's a quiet soul and won't disturb you."

"I saw her come in. I've met her! In Paris the year before the war."

Mrs. McLeod shook her head decidedly. "I don't think so. Miss Farthingale always comes here—always has done. I remember that year especially, for it was the year Miss Wellin died. Miss Farthingale was her companion—pushed her about in a bath-chair. A difficult old woman, Miss Wellin—I often wonder how the poor soul stuck it, but she'd the patience of a saint. Miss Wellin died in the June and Miss Farthingale sold up the cottage they lived in and came here for the August, as usual.

"She came the next year, too. During the war she took a job helping with evacuated children, but she never missed coming to me for her holiday. Now she's my permanent p.g.—lives on a small pension.

"I can't see Miss Farthingale affording a holiday in Paris: she never had any money to spare, poor thing. You've mistaken her for someone else, m'dear."

Mrs. McLeod bustled out, saying she was going to put on the kettle for a nice cup of tea. Robert took up his pipe.

"Sounds pretty conclusive. But we've struck lucky with rooms, anyway."

Jenny nodded and turned to look through the window again. She was ridiculously disappointed. It wasn't so much a case of conscience over an unpaid debt—though she hated owing anything. It was a genuine desire to say "Thank you" to someone who had been kind in a very real and practical way.

Mrs. McLeod brought in a tray

"Robert, did you notice the woman who went into that house," Jenny said urgently.

So Tempting!

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Continuing . . . Holiday for One

with tea and buttered scones, and stood chatting to them while they ate. She was one of those downright Scots-women who never change their hair-styles or their opinions. A good sort, with a warm heart, but never wrong. She was standing at the open parlor door with the tray when the street door opened once more.

"Here's Miss Farthingale back," she said, and called: "I've two guests come to stay for a week, Miss Farthingale. The little lady says she met you in Paris the year before the war—the year Miss Wellin passed over—but, of course, I told her you were here."

Jenny came to the doorway. "Don't you remember me, Miss Farthingale? And the—two pounds?"

There was no recognition in the other's eyes; she shook her head. Jenny suddenly felt a fool. She must have been mistaken; after all, it was many years ago, and she had only seen the other woman for less than ten minutes.

Miss Farthingale looked tired, and, as Mrs. McLeod said she would get tea ready for her, Jenny murmured something about going to the station for the luggage. Mrs. McLeod went upstairs, Mrs. McLeod to the kitchen at the end of the hall, and Jenny and Robert put on their coats again.

"We don't need to hurry back," said Robert. "I wonder what time supper is."

Jenny went to the kitchen to ask. When she joined Robert outside the house, her eyes were very bright and excited. Robert remarked that two of his pounds were quite safe now.

"Don't worry, I shall pay my debt out of my own money," said Jenny.

"When you find the right person to pay it back to."

"I have found her! Robert, do you know what I saw on the dresser when I went into the kitchen just now? A hot-water bottle in a green crocheted cover! The identical one. It was Miss Farthingale. Why did she say she didn't know me? Why wouldn't she admit having been in Paris?"

"That's entirely her business, darling. I think we'd better leave it at that."

But later in the evening, after supper, a chance meeting in the hall with Miss Farthingale brought Jenny impulsively to a stop. Mrs. McLeod was in the kitchen—the wireless could be heard in there going at full blast.

"It was you in Paris, wasn't it?" Jenny asked. "I'm not being inquisitive—honestly—but I did want to thank you and to pay back the two pounds."

Miss Farthingale hesitated, then she smiled.

"I remember you now. Yes, I was in Paris. Would you like me to tell you about it?"

Jenny opened the parlor door wider, and Miss Farthingale came into the room and sat down by the fire which Mrs. McLeod had lighted earlier. It was cosy in there, and an instinctive friendliness sprang up between the quiet, elderly woman and the young couple. After a short while, Miss Farthingale began to talk.

"You are newly married, aren't you? That's a lovely thing to be. It's a happiness that passed me by, but I've had the next best thing—a wonderful companionship. Mrs. McLeod wouldn't have thought so, or other people who didn't know—and I never was good at talking about things I feel most. But I think, somehow, that you will understand."

She paused for a time, then went on:

"We were two teachers, Caroline and I. Caroline was a good deal older, but she had the youngest and gayest heart of anyone I ever met. I never knew a human being who got so much out of life as Caroline. It was she who taught me that you can be happy with the smallest things of life. It wasn't only money that counted, she said. It was little pleasures, little comforts."

"Well, she became ill and had to retire. When I realised she would never get better, I retired, too, and went to look after her. We lived quietly, and came here for a holiday every summer. Caroline's illness made her a bit difficult at times, and Mrs. McLeod used to pity me—she could never understand what a wonderful spirit Caroline had when she wasn't in pain."

Miss Farthingale gazed at the fire. "After she died, I found a letter among her

things with twenty pound notes in it. The letter said: 'I've saved this not for a rainy day but for a bit of fun. Go and have a holiday in Paris and enjoy yourself—that's all I ask.' She knew I'd always wanted to go to Paris."

"So I went. But . . . it needs two to enjoy Paris. I walked about, trying to enjoy myself in that lovely city, trying to get a thrill out of seeing them at last—the cafes, the boulevards, the lights. Only one needs someone to laugh with. I felt lonely and lost."

Miss Farthingale put her hands out to the fire as she went on:

"And it was cold. On the first night at the hotel I was too shy to ask to have my hot-water bottle filled, and on the second night, if you hadn't helped me, I'd have been cold again. I decided to come back to England by the first boat the following morning."

There was a tap at the door, and Mrs. McLeod came in.

"Would you like a cup of cocoa last thing?" she asked, and then she saw her permanent guest.

"Why, here you are," she said. There was affection in her crisp Scots voice. "I've put your hot-water bottle in your bed and I'm just taking your cocoa upstairs . . ." and she bustled out.

Miss Farthingale rose. "You see what I mean? My bottle with the 'old green crocheted cover means more than warmth in the ordinary sense. It means having your own corner somewhere—and a welcome from someone who knows you. Little things, perhaps, but they matter."

And the door closed gently behind her.

(Copyright)

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

THERE was a nice, relaxed atmosphere in the Allen household. No one nagged too much about the way the house looked. There was no doubt that it was a place to be lived in. Toys weren't always neatly placed on toy shelves or back into toy chests. One could be pretty sure to find a sweater here or a cap there.

But, at least once during the day, not a thing was to be seen littering up the place. For the Allens had a bedtime-pick-up scheme that worked very well. Just before bedtime all the junior members of the household, at a given signal, started the big clean-up.

Each child kept in his head the number of different things he had picked up and put in their right place. The winner was rewarded by being allowed to choose the story for the



Bedtime pick-up.

evening or to select the particular household job he wanted to do the next day.

Such a scheme may not work for all families. But if it is done in the right spirit, if a game is made of it, and if now and then Mum and Pop do their share, the bedtime scheme the Allens worked out may work for you.

All names are fictitious.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 7, 1953

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YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by BETTY BEST

*Dress up for the man—
or keep that natural look?*



SHOULD girls dress naturally and to their own taste or should they choose their clothes with the main eye towards male appreciation?

It's a question which has been batted from one side to the other almost since the human race progressed past wearing skins and grass skirts. The male point of view must be considered if a balanced answer is to be found.

Bruce is a law student of 19 who thinks he is the typical male and doesn't want to butt in on a girl's right to choose her own clothes:

"I like my girl to express her own individuality in clothes," he said. "If she just tried to copy someone else, I'd never have any idea what she really liked, and I might just as well take out a paper doll.

"When a man first meets a girl he gets a good idea of what she's like by the sort of clothes she wears. If she was just trying to dress up to impress you, and then afterwards you found out it was all phony, you wouldn't feel that you could believe anything else about her.

"Anyway, her clothes are her problem. I've got enough worries of my own. If every time you take a girl out she asks you what you want her to wear it would be a bore."

Charles doesn't think that Bruce's final remark is fair to the fair sex. He is 19, describes himself as a strictly outdoor type. He is learning the photographic trade.

"This whole question depends entirely on the girl's dress-sense," said Charles. "The average man doesn't mind a bit what his girl wears just as long as the final result is nice.

"I'm interested in women's clothes and I like being asked for my opinion on whether an outfit looks smart or not. Of course, I wouldn't criticise without being asked. I must say that if a girl looks too frightful I'd put up with it for that date, but she'd have to be pretty good-looking to be asked out again.

"There's no bigger come-down than a bundle of sophisticated dressing that turns out to be as dumb as they come. If a girl has no brains, at least she should try to look as pretty as possible.

"As for whether she should look natural or not—that again depends on her type. During the day I don't like to see anyone looking too severely dressed. However, at night a woman should try to look specially smart and a bit out of the ordinary.

"One thing that does give me a pain is the

girl who will never wear anything but a high-necked frock, even in summer. They just look hot and uncomfortable.

"I think the thing I hate most of all is the young girl who always dresses like a matron or a woman of about 25. And I guess the thing that all men notice is the girl who knows how to wear accessories cleverly.

"But preserve me from the lass who appears looking like a junk shop."

Janice, 18, who is an art student, was brief: "I'd say that although I like boys very much, I really dress as smartly as I can for myself, because I don't really think that the boys will know what is smart and what isn't," she said.

Helen, who is 17 and going to business college, credits her boy-friends with more perception.

"I love clothes," she said, "and I think that all women should dress for their men. After all, it's only fair when you think that they are the ones who do the paying if you go out to the pictures or a dance.

"They like to take a girl they can show off to their friends and be proud of. It's selfish to just think of what you like to wear.

"As for being natural or sophisticated, well, I think that depends on him again.

"If I'm asked to go out with a much older man than myself, say 23 or 24, which I love to do, then it's only fair to remember his age and not embarrass

him with teenage fashions like jeans and a pony-tail hair-do.

"But if I go out with the gang and I know that everyone there is just about my age or younger, I try not to look too sophisticated." Judith is 18 and doing first year Arts at the University. She says she just couldn't care less about the subject:

"I hate all this talk about clothes; I don't like men very much, either. The whole business is so superficial and unimportant. I'd much rather read poetry or act.

"I feel that young girls to-day spend too much time and money and thought on clothes, and it makes them sound very silly.

"Of course, I like good clothes and pretty things, but in proportion. After all, they really aren't very important and there are lots more important things in my life.

"It might be all right to worry about those things when you're married and have nothing else to do, but when you're still young you want to develop your brain and your common-sense and not just be a clothes-horse."

IF BOYS WOULD DRESS FOR GIRLS . . .

HERE are a few hints for men who don't want to be out of the swim because their dress-sense doesn't quite come up to the girls':

- Don't turn up to a party in sports clothes when your girl is wearing her new frock—find out what she's wearing first and try to fit in.

- If she is quiet and restrained in her taste, don't try to be too sharp and shock her with a bodgie garb.

- Avoid like the plague: socks under sandals, a hair cut that is too long or too short, brown ties or shirts with blue suits, and top-pocket handkerchiefs that match your ties.

CONTINUING to take advantage of this turn-of-the-year period, when new releases are few, let's take a glance at books dealing with the record-collecting hobby.

HAVE you "The Record Guide" alongside your radiogram? Here in a volume of over 700 pages is the first guide to recorded classical music to come out of England. Written by critics Sackville-West and Shawe-Taylor, this book takes the guesswork out of record buying and ensures that you get the best for your money. When there are several recordings of the same work, it tells you which is the

DISC DIGEST

best to buy and exactly why. You'll also find it a first-rate bedside book.

ANOTHER useful book is "Record Collecting," by Boris Semenov. The historical section of this book is invaluable to the collector of out-of-print discs, and there is much practical information on storing and indexing your records.

SLANTED to suit the Australian collector is Speight's "Record Handbook." Technicalities of recording and re-

production are written in everyday terms for the layman, and there is special emphasis on microgroove records.

A REALLY absorbing book is "Music on Record," by F. W. Gaisberg. This "H.M.V." impresario was responsible for Caruso's first recording session. His life story is the history of the industry from the days when he first worked with Edison right up to modern times. In its pages you'll meet the most famous musical celebrities of the past fifty years, with, of course, many fascinating details of recording and processing.

— BERNARD FLETCHER.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 7, 1953

Page 19

and the Matron said . . .

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Worth Reporting

WHEN the women of the Sydney branch of the Farquhar clan held their 14th Christmas children's party, 65 blood relations, including 36 children, sat down to lunch in the Redfern Town Hall.

Everyone of them was a descendant of the late Mr. and Mrs. John David Farquhar, of Grafton.

The Farquhar women took the catering for the party in their stride. After 14 years of Christmas reunions, they are used to providing food on a large scale.

Reunions are a habit among the Farquhars, who are spread all over Australia—in Melbourne, Grafton, Brisbane, and Adelaide, as well as in Sydney.

Every year nine of the Sydney Farquhar women, sisters-in-law and sisters, take a coach trip to other States where they have happy gatherings with other family groups.

Every fortnight, members of the clan, with their children, have a rendezvous in the Sydney Botanic Gardens.

"Usually about 20 of us turn up every fortnight," said Mrs. Rene Kensitt, one of John David Farquhar's granddaughters.

SIX little New Australians sat round a table having a party. At the end of the table was a fine Chinese blackwood chair—the pride of their hostess's heart.

The chair had a high back over which a carved eagle spread its wings.

Said one guest, gazing at the treasure: "Umph. Dead chook."

**Keep your garden
and street tidy**

STRIKING while New Year resolutions are still being made, the Civic Pride Society in N.S.W. has chosen the first week in 1953 to make its first public appeal to the community conscience.

The society is appealing to citizens to respect other people's property; to take a pride in their homes, suburbs, and city; to preserve parks and gardens; to plant more trees; and to destroy all vermin.

"It's a State-wide appeal applying to the country just as much as to the cities," explained Mr. C. Millman Ashton, honorary director of the society.

Until this public appeal, the society had confined its efforts to private approaches to municipal councils, chambers of commerce, and individual citizens to remove blots on the civic landscape.

But as Mr. Ashton pointed out, the society couldn't expect councils to have much success without the co-operation of citizens.

He gave us one small example of the kind of thoughtlessness that the society is fighting.

"Some untidy person throws some rubbish down in the street," he said. "Then someone else comes along, thinks it's a rubbish dump, and puts more rubbish on it. This is a common occurrence, particularly in country towns."



"Ask the chef if he ever
cooked for a Company,
Fifth Regiment."

**The slide fastener,
old and new**

AN unusual exhibition in Melbourne traced the evolution of the slide fastener from its original form as a linked chain of hooks and eyes, to the neat, streamlined slide used in every woman's wardrobe to-day.

Among exhibits were some as antiquated as a T-model Ford, including one two feet long, used in aircraft during World War I.

Invented by M. Aronsen, of Alsace, in 1893, the fastener was not manufactured until the turn of the century, when an American businessman took it over.

In World War I, the fastener saw service on American army uniforms, but it really came into its own in the 'twenties, when it was first applied to women's skirts.

Sales manager of a slide manufacturing firm, Mr. J. H. Tidswell, warns that even the modern fastener needs intelligent handling to give long service. His advice is:

- Sew the slide in carefully, anchored at the bottom with two rows of stitching.
- Keep the stitching one-eighth of an inch from the teeth.
- Close it while you sew it in, and while you launder the garment.
- If you catch something in the slide, never try to free it by force. Gently work it back, tooth by tooth.



"I never knew what happiness was until I married Martha. Then, of course, it was too late . . ."

London Talk

By Michael Plant

THE position the Duke of Edinburgh will take at the Coronation is causing great controversy in London at the moment.

Usually officialdom has some precedent to follow, but this time they must make up their own minds.

A popular theory is that Prince Philip will ride on horseback beside the Queen's carriage.

If so, his mount will probably be Winston, the horse the Queen rode while taking the salute at the Trooping the Color.

LONDON is enjoying the Elizabethan revival.

The latest addition to the fad is the opening of several "hitte heads on beams" restaurants, where ye olde Elizabethan menus read like a page out of Chaucer.

I like the sound of "flest y cybydd," which is translated as "miser's feast." It is probably snags and chips.

Seated at genuine Elizabethan tables, the guests eat off wooden platters. The walls bear holly wreaths and the floors are covered with rushes.

All this is accompanied by the sound of a modern cash register ringing like mad in the corner.

CANADA really has a "no-man's land" now.

It's a 60-square-mile area, rich in musk-rat, near the Saskatchewan-Manitoba border.

The local trappers' council decided to make the area available to women only because the severity of the winter and the distance to outlying trapping areas created hardships for women who earned a living by trapping.

Only women who depend on their own efforts for their living will be eligible to trap in the area.

A woman member of the trappers' council has announced that any man found trespassing will be "dealt with."

WHEN Broadway actor Maurice Evans was in London last summer I took him to see a mystery play called "Dial M for Murder" at one of London's Little Theatres.

He was so impressed that he raced backstage the minute the curtain was down to see if he could buy the rights for American production.

Now he has scored a tremendous hit in the play on Broadway, and Hollywood has offered £62,000 sterling for the film rights.

But canny British film maker Sir Alexander Korda had already bought the film rights months before. Korda's price was £1000 sterling.

FOR two years the Duke of Montrose has been trying to sell Buchanan Castle, his family home in Shropshire.

The price, £25,000, found no takers.

Recently the Duke offered the place for rent at £10 a week—reasonable enough for a castle with 40 bedrooms.

Finding its way across the Atlantic, the advertisement produced an offer from a gentleman in Arkansas to take the castle for the first two weeks in June.

"Does it overlook the Coronation route, or do we have to walk?" was his postscript.

The Duke was not amused. He cabled, "Walk—416½ miles."

Hello there!

Mr. Cohan

THE theme song of revellers at the New Year festival planned by the Sydney beachside suburb of Manly is "Hello there! Manly," composed by Mr. Harley Cohan.

Mr. Cohan, who works in the accounts branch of the Sydney G.P.O., wrote the song specially for this occasion and made a gift of it to the Manly Municipal Council.

The wartime hit tune "Swingin' Along the Road to Victory" was another of Mr. Cohan's compositions.

"Hello there! Manly" has a very catchy tune. The chorus goes like this:

Hello there! Manly. We're telling the world
There's no better surfing anywhere.

It's grand to go strolling down the old Corso.

It's grand to see the lovelies parading to and fro.

Hello there! Manly. We're telling the world

You're the gem of this hemisphere.

**Grannies will be
in fashion in 1953**

THE New Year will be a special year for glamorous grandmothers is the prediction attributed to a Hollywood beauty authority.

He tips that Mamie Eisenhower, First Lady of the United States, will set the pace.

He further predicts that make-up and fashion colors will soon be kowtowing to the preferences of Mrs. Eisenhower, the Second Lady, Mrs. Richard Nixon, wife of the vice-president, and Queen Elizabeth.

All three are fair-skinned and love to wear blue.

How to guard holiday fun!



Take the gentle chocolate laxative with you

Constipation steals holiday health and happiness! Here's what doctors and wise mothers prescribe—Laxettes, the chocolate laxative. Your children love Laxettes—there's no taste but the chocolate! And the wonderful phenolphthalein in Laxettes soon brings a soft, easy motion—without griping, without habit-forming. Take them at night and you're fit the next morning—and right for the day! Economical too—only 2/6 a box, from chemists and stores. Get some today!

LAXETTES



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Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

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Get concentrated Curlpet for 3/11 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
CN.4

BURNS? SCALDS?

USE THE ONE AND ONLY
Safe Effective



WARE SNAKEBITE!
Australians on holiday this month will be looking out for snakes. Tigers, copperheads, and other snakes kill about five Australians every year. If you want to know how to cope with snakebite, get a copy of the January A.M., which contains simple directions, written by an expert.

MOTHER



"M-m-m . . . Yes . . . Yes, dear
M-m-m . . ."

BUTCH



"Just a minute! How about the dishes
he dirtied in my kitchen?"

It seems to me

THAT cricket - ball - throwing contest, to be held during lunch adjournments at the Third Test Match in Sydney this month, caused a little controversy.

"It savors of circus," said an office-bearer of the N.S.W. Cricket Association, opposing the plan.

"Throwing a cricket ball has nothing of circus about it," said another, pointing out that it would enliven the lunch interval.

Not having really strong views on the subject myself,

I asked a devoted cricket fan to comment. "Cricket is so DULL lately," she began passionately, "that ANYTHING would be a good idea to brighten it up." Ten minutes and several Bradman and McCabe centuries later, I had an inkling of what she meant.

From time to time I see letters headed "Brighter Cricket" in the columns of the daily newspapers. These letters usually suggest new rules. I am prepared to believe that these rules would be revolutionary, but they never seem really "bright" to my Philistine mind.

For the same reason the word "circus" applied to a ball-throwing contest seems a trifle exaggerated. When I think of a circus, I think of lions, tigers, and ladies jumping through hoops of fire on horseback.

Something of that kind in the luncheon adjournment would brighten up cricket no end.

ACCORDING to a message from London, an Englishwoman painting in Switzerland was frightened by a horse which looked over her shoulder. She ran away and the horse stared at her canvas, then licked all the paint off.

Saying, doubtless, "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like."

FOR some time I have been following with interest news about a rust disease which attacks snapdragons.

It has reached New South Wales from overseas and, according to plant authorities, may spread to other States.

It is a curious subject to interest a flat-dweller, but, as my gardening friends know, I take a morbid interest in garden pests and can always give them the latest news on the various lethal sprays recommended for destruction.

Some of them go so far as to say that, when I remark, "The fuchsias are looking a bit spotty," I put a hoodoo on the plants. They even hint that I have the evil eye.

The true reason is much simpler. Anyone so misguided as to ask a gardener "Anything I can do?" knows that the gardener will promptly unload one of the duller jobs. Spraying is one of these. Consequently, I am one of the most consistent wielders of a spray gun in the Southern Hemisphere, and merely make the best of a bad job by cultivating an interest in pests.



Dorothy Drain

A GRUESOME little invention, patented in Chicago, may hit American beauty shops this year.

It is designed to give women a temporary face-lift and is described as a series of little anchors joined by rubber bands. This contraption is, as far as I can gather, clamped on to the scalp and is hidden by the hair.

The inventor says that the thing can be worn for several hours. "Then," he adds callously, "the wearer can let her face sag back to normal."

The normal female reaction on reading this is a shudder, followed by mild interest, and then by experiments in front of the mirror.

If the gadget takes on, it is bound to have rather a secretive sort of sale at first. But the time will come when more brazen middle-aged ladies will say to their friends, "Yes, I'd be delighted to come to dinner. Just give me half an hour to dress and hitch up my face."

THIS age, with its synthetic fabrics and drugs, has been called the synthetic age.

A medical journal in Britain forecast the other day that the prevalence of processed and preserved food would produce the "synthetic man."

I am pleased to add that even superstition is becoming synthetic. The other day I saw in a shop a packet of plastic wishbones.

JEWELLERY made of real prawns, crabs, and small fish encased in celluloid is reported to be selling well in London.

It offers a novel excuse for not throwing back the small ones. "Just catching enough for a necklace," one could tell the fisheries inspector with a pleading smile.

AN organisation in Madrid called the Spanish Association of the Friends of Castles is seeking funds to preserve 300 castles in Spain which have no owners.

I have never been one for committees, But sometimes I think, when I'm old And no longer need write little ditties, I may, having time, be so bold As to join with some organisation That my membership will not disdain, Something mild and quite free from sensation,

Like the Friends of the Castles in Spain.

Its meetings, one hopes, would be restful, Its discussions be nice and remote, Not exciting, perhaps, and not zealous, But I think it would strike the right note. No rush, no need for decision, Yes, I think I could join without strain, Seaside branch, Australian Division, Of the Friends of the Castles of Spain.

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For safe suntanning, for protection and relief from scorching sunburn and windburn, naturally skin needs Nivea. Containing "Eucerite," it replaces skin oils dried out by sun and water, softens roughened skin, soothes irritation.

The perfect powder base—safe for baby's tender skin—ideal for after shaving.

"Nivea" and "Eucerite" are registered trade marks.



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SUMMER COOKERY

LESS TIME IN THE KITCHEN

DURING the hot summer days reduce to a minimum time spent in the kitchen. This is easy if you plan to serve dishes based on tinned or packaged foods.

Tinned and fresh fruits, packaged desserts, all smallgoods, eggs, meat packs, pastry mixes, tinned soup and fish, tinned vegetables, vegetable salads, and prepared mayonnaise are all good pantry stores from which to draw when the day's plans leave little time for cooking meals, or when the weather is too inviting to stay indoors.

You cannot be expected to be enthusiastic about preparing hot soup on a hot day, nor can you expect the family to be interested in eating it! But try an icy-cold jellied soup, using tinned tomato juice or packaged chicken noodle soup, or a clear consommé with thin vegetable strips, and see how popular it will be!

Try also any of the cream type of tinned or packaged soups thinned down with milk, thoroughly chilled and served in tall glasses or pottery mugs with a dusting of chopped parsley or a sprig of young mint.

Savory and sweet dishes illustrated on this page are not presented as a complete menu. They are suggestions around which a menu can be planned.

This menu may feature either of the sweets, while the main dish can be a meat and vegetable salad platter or jellied tomato loaf served with luncheon sausage rolls filled with vegetable salad.

Fish cutlets or salmon served in lettuce-cups can precede the main dish, or the fish creamed and served as a hot entrée.

Most tinned foods develop better flavor if removed from the tin a short while before they are to be served. When using tinned fruits, a sprinkling of lemon juice helps to bring out more of the original fresh flavor of the fruit.

All spoon measurements in the recipes which follow are level:



PEACH CREAM PIE, jellied tomato loaf, lime and pineapple ring decorated with melon and papaw balls, grapes, and cherries, and salmon and lettuce, as shown above, are tempting dishes to include in hot-weather menus. Below: Tinned meat or ready cooked meat cut into thick or thin slices combines splendidly with salad ingredients to make a quick and satisfying dinner.

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

JELLIED TOMATO LOAF

One large tin peeled tomatoes, water, 3 dessertspoons grated onion, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 green cucumber, 4 dessertspoons gelatine in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water.

Break tomatoes up with a fork so that pulp mixes with the tomato juice. Measure and make up to 2 pints with water. Add grated onion, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, sugar, finely chopped unpeeled cucumber, and gelatine dissolved in hot water. Stir occasionally as mixture thickens. Turn into wetted loaf-tin, large size, and chill until set. Unmould on to platter, serve with vegetable salad rolled in luncheon sausage or cold meat.

LIME AND PINEAPPLE RING

One packet pineapple, lime, or lemon jelly, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint hot water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint hot water, 1 cup chopped cooked pineapple pieces (drained free of syrup), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated unsweetened milk, melon or papaw balls and cherries to decorate.

Dissolve jelly in hot water. When cold and beginning to thicken, whip until white and thick. Fold in dissolved gelatine, pineapple, and evaporated milk. Fill into ring-tin or tube-mould, chill until set. Unmould on to serving dish, fill centre with melon or papaw balls and cherries.

PEACH CREAM PIE

One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry-case made from biscuit pastry or shortcrust, 1 package custard dessert, 2 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, cooked sliced peaches drained free of syrup.

Cover base of pastry-case with peaches. Prepare custard dessert as directed, cool. Spoon over peaches. Make a meringue topping with egg-whites and sugar. Fold into the meringue an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of finely chopped, well-drained peaches and spread over custard dessert in pastry-case. Bake in slow oven until meringue is set and very lightly browned. Decorate with peaches.

Continued on page 23

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 7, 1953



Favorite recipes of the stars

● Well-known actors and actresses of the English stage and screen who like to cook tell on this page how they make their favorite dishes. The recipes are novel and easy to prepare.

THE book from which the recipes are taken is called "Our Favorite Dish," or "The Theatre Recipe Book," and is published by Putnam and Co. Ltd., London.

As the dust-jacket of the book says, "Good eating should be a jolly business, so you must not be surprised if one or two of the recipes are not exactly orthodox."

However, the recipe contributed by Australian Joy Nichols is quite orthodox, down-to-earth, and practical without being dull or uninteresting.

Here are the recipes:

DIANA WYNARD

Diana Wynyard, whose favorite recipe is lobster and melon, says, "Do not be put off by the strangeness of this combination, the flavor of which is subtle and exquisite. Its decorative value alone is a great asset."

For those who prefer a more conventional flavor combination, substitute grapefruit for melon and crabmeat for lobster—otherwise proceed in the same manner.

This is the way Diana Wynyard prepares her lobster and melon:

"Choose a firm, ripe melon, a large and well-cooked lobster. With a sharp knife cut off the top of the melon and carefully remove the flesh from the inside; turn melon upside down to drain. Roughly chop the lobster flesh and mix it with an equal amount of melon. Stir in lightly enough mayonnaise to moisten. Fill up the melon shell with the mixture. Lay the melon on a plate on which has been arranged fresh lettuce leaves. Use the small claws of the lobster to form handles across the top of the melon. Serve it very cold."

NOEL COWARD

Noel Coward, whose favorite dish has the intriguing name of "Warsaw Concerto," is delightfully vague about measurements, but to make things easier for you and the results more reliable we are supplying some quantities.

The "Warsaw Concerto," as presented by Noel Coward, is prepared and served in one dish, but we used individual scallop shells to show that it is an attractive dish whichever way it is done.

Noel Coward explains the preparation thus:

"Cut 6 onions into slices and fry in butter until brown. Add a little vinegar and continue frying for 3 to 5 minutes. Grease a fireproof dish and line with the onions. Slide in 6 to 8 eggs, unbroken, add salt and pepper, and cover generously with breadcrumbs. Dab top with bits of butter and grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for 5 to 6 minutes, when eggs should have set."

We would like to add a note that it must be served

piping hot and freshly made, for what its worse than cold fried onion?

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE

Dame Sybil Thorndike's recipe for stew is too fascinating to be overlooked. Dame Sybil herself says of it: "I'm no cook—I make stews and porridge. And the usual everyday stew is the thing, I suppose. Here goes."

"Take anything that's left over, fry it all up with more vegetables of any or every sort, put in any flavoring you like (Worcestershire sauce by me preferred), cook and cook and cook till it's all a gorgeous mess. And if you don't like it I've no use for you at all: for it's lovely."

Now that is all very amusing, but most women who try the recipe would end up without a stew. So to make things easy, we suggest you follow this recipe for Greenroom Stew.

One and a half pounds bladebone steak, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 large onion, 1 stick celery, 1 lb. carrots, 2 tomatoes, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 cup peas, parsley.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces, coat lightly with 2 extra dessertspoons flour. Brown on all sides in hot fat. Remove, place in casserole. Add sliced onion to fat, cook until soft but not brown. Stir flour in, brown lightly. Add salt, pepper, sauces, and stock. Stir until boiling, pour over meat. Cover and cook 1 hour in moderate oven. Add prepared carrots cut into large wedges and celery cut into 1 in. lengths. Cook 40 minutes longer. Add tomato wedges and peas, cover again, and cook 25 minutes longer.

ANNA NEAGLE

Chocolate sandwich, favored by Anna Neagle, is easily made and is a delightful addition to the afternoon-tea table.

Anna Neagle calls it "a very

SUMMER COOKERY

simple, light, chocolate cake which can be enriched by adding chocolate cream filling and icing."

The cake is baked in 2 greased 8 in. sandwich-tins.

Six ounces self-raising flour, 2 heaped tablespoons cocoa, good pinch salt, 6ozs. butter or substitute, 6ozs. castor sugar, 4 eggs.

Cream together the butter or substitute and cocoa, then add sugar and beat together until a smooth cream. Beat the eggs gradually into the mixture, adding alternately a little of the sieved flour. Put the mixture into well-greased sandwich-tins and smooth top with a knife dipped in hot water.

Bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

The cake illustrated was filled and topped with whipped cream and decorated with coarsely grated chocolate.

FLORA ROBSON

This popular French soup is delicious prepared from Flora Robson's favorite recipe.

The recipe calls for 1 or 2 cup of cream, but Miss Robson says, "There is never any cream, so I use instead of stock or consommé a cream of chicken soup, and after it is sieved I add 2 or 3 cups of milk."

Flora Robson makes the soup this way:

Mince the white part of 3 medium-sized leeks and 1 medium-sized onion. Saute and stir them in 2 tablespoons of butter substitute or butter.

Peel and slice very small 4 medium potatoes, add them to the leeks. Then add 4 cups of chicken consommé (or strained chicken soup). Simmer the vegetables, covered, until tender. Put them through a fine sieve. Then add 1 or 2 cups of cream, pepper and salt to taste. Serve hot or cold. If cold, sprinkle on top some finely chopped chives.

JOY NICHOLS

Australia's own Joy Nichols, who has won a place for herself in the hearts of the English people, seems to be as much at home in the kitchen as she is in the entertainment world.

She calls her favorite recipe

for curried eggs "a delicious supper dish and easy to prepare."

This is Joy Nichols' method:

Melt a generous knob of butter in a saucepan. Chop a large onion roughly. Put it into the melted butter and allow to brown gently. Now add 2 rashers of finely chopped bacon, half an apple, also finely chopped, a handful of sultanas, raisins (or dates). Simmer in the butter for a few moments. Now add enough flour to absorb the fat and enough milk to make a thick sauce. Now add 1 tablespoonful of good curry-powder, moderately hot. Season with salt. Simmer on side of stove for 20 minutes, adding more milk if required. Take off stove. Add 1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice. Pour sauce over 4 shelled eggs, which have been previously hard-boiled and kept warm in a shallow fireproof dish. Serve with plain boiled rice.

JOHN MILLS

John Mills says fruit meringue is his favorite recipe.

Ice-cream and meringue make a thick covering for a layer of fruit, and John Mills suggests using strawberries, raspberries, or sliced peaches soaked in cointreau. In winter,

when these fruits are not available, use any tinned or home-bottled fruit.

This is the way John Mills prepares the meringue.

Beat the whites of 2 or 3 eggs until very stiff. Add powdered sugar (we suggest 2 tablespoons crystal sugar to each egg-white) and vanilla. Place the fruit in a deep pyrex dish, then place dish in a larger pan and completely surround with ice-cubes. Cover the fruit with vanilla ice-cream, leaving enough room for the meringue to cover the entire top. Place in oven for 2 or 3 minutes until the meringue is a light brown.

PHYLLIS CALVERT

Calf's Brains a la Poulette is the favorite dish of English film star Phyllis Calvert.

You need 3 pairs calf's brains (or 1 lb.), 3 level tablespoons butter, 4 level tablespoons flour, 2 cups hot water, 10 small onions (pickling size), 1 lb. mushrooms, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Wash the brains and soak one hour in warm water. Remove arteries and membranes.

FAVORITE DISHES of
Diana Wynyard, Anna Neagle, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and Noel Coward are illustrated above. See detailed recipes on this page.

Parboil in salted water for 15 minutes and drain. Melt butter in heavy saucepan and stir in flour. Add water, and when well blended add salt and pepper, onions, and mushrooms (which have been washed and stemmed). Simmer until the onions are tender (about 30 to 40 minutes). Then add brains and simmer 15 minutes more. Place brains on a heated platter. Beat the egg-yolks, adding two tablespoons water. Stir in a little of the hot sauce, which has been removed from the fire, blend thoroughly and stir over a very low heat until thick. On no account let the sauce boil after the eggs have been added or it will curdle. When it is piping hot, add the lemon juice, pour over the brains, and serve immediately. Garnish with chopped parsley.

HOT WEATHER SPECIALS

EVERY menu on this page includes a hot main dish, followed by a cold sweet. In some cases the menu is pepped up and the tired appetite coaxed by an appetiser or a chilled soup.

Of course the object of every housewife, especially in summer, is to serve meals which are as easy as possible to prepare yet are full of nourishment.

We have designed these meals especially with this thought in mind.

Note the use made of vegetables such as corn and green pepper—which can often take the place of conventional vegetables to give a lift and a fresh interest to summer meals.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

*Shrimp Curry and Rice with
Sautéed Bananas
Stuffed Egg Salad
Pineapple Sherbet in Watermelon
Case
Coffee*

This is a dinner with a difference. The usual vegetable accompaniment to the main dish is omitted because a cream-type curry served with rice is complete in itself, and vegetables would strike a jarring note in both flavor and color.

The omission of vegetables is counterbalanced by the inclusion of a stuffed egg salad (with lettuce, tomato, and cucumber), and a fruit sweet.

Prawns and watermelon are both expensive food items, but the prawn kedgerie is very good made with any type of cooked or tinned fish. The recipe for pineapple sherbet in watermelon case suggests alternative fruits to use for the case. If a pineapple shell is used, the pulp scooped from the centre can be cooked and used in the pineapple sherbet.

PRAWN KEDGERIE

Small piece whole ginger or ginger root, 2-3rds cup coarsely shredded coconut, 1½ cups water, 1½ to 2lb. prawns, ½ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup coarsely chopped onion, ½ cup flour, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or more, according to taste), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, cooked rice or rice substitute, lemon wedges, parsley.

Cover ginger with water and soak as long as possible. Simmer coconut with the 1½ cups water 20 minutes, strain and reserve 1 cup of the liquid for the sauce. (Coconut may be used later in a cake.) Melt butter or substitute, add onion, cook slowly until light brown. Add flour, then stir in coconut liquid and curry powder blended with milk. Stir until thickened. Add prawns, salt, and ½ teaspoon finely chopped soaked ginger. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Just before serving, fold in lemon juice. Serve on hot platter with a border of fluffy cooked rice or rice substitute. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

SAUTEED BANANAS

Remove skin from large, firm bananas. Cut into slantwise slices. Melt butter or substitute in small, shallow pan. Add banana pieces and saute 2 or 3 minutes.

STUFFED EGG SALAD

For each serving allow 1 hard-boiled egg, 3 baby lettuce leaves, 1 teaspoon mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped ham or boiled bacon, pinch salt and cayenne pepper, 2 tomato slices, 2 cucumber slices, extra mayonnaise, sprig of parsley.

Cut hard-boiled egg in halves lengthwise, carefully remove yolk. Mash yolk smoothly and mix with mayonnaise, ham or bacon, salt and cayenne pepper. Fill back into whites, serve with tomato and cucumber slices, lettuce leaves, sprig of parsley, and extra mayonnaise.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET IN WATERMELON CASE

One small watermelon (or use 1 medium papaw or 2 medium rockmelons or honeydews or 1 pineapple), 2 eggs, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 tablespoon liquid glucose (type used for sweetmaking), 2 cups milk, 1½ cups crushed cooked pineapple, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ cup lemon juice.

Beat eggs until light with salt; add sugar and glucose. Fold in milk and pineapple, carefully add lemon rind and juice. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze 1 hour or until mixture is frozen firm for about ½ in. from the edge of the tray. Scrape into a chilled bowl and beat with a spoon, not a mechanical or rotary beater, until mushy. Return to trays, freeze until firm. Prepare watermelon (or other fruit to be used as a case) by cutting in halves, scooping out pulp, and, if desired, scalloping the edge with a very small, sharp knife. Using a melon "baller" or a teaspoon from a set of American plastic measuring spoons, make some of the centre pulp into balls to decorate; reserve balance for use in fruit salad. Just before serving, fill fruit shell with pineapple sherbet and decorate with melon balls.

MENU 2

*Cream of Corn Soup
Baked Stuffed Bream
Jacket Potatoes, Peas
Blackberry Bombe
Coffee*

A delicious blackberry bombe (a mixture of fruit, ice-cream, and meringue) makes a pleasant finish for this quickly prepared dinner menu.

The hot main dish—baked stuffed bream—is preceded by cream of corn soup, which can be made in a matter of minutes. The soup may be served hot or prepared in advance and thoroughly chilled.

CREAM OF CORN SOUP

One tablespoon butter or other shortening, 3 dessertspoons flour, ¾ cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 small tin corn, 1 teaspoon grated or scraped onion, 1 rasber chopped cooked bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt, cayenne, and corn. Continue stirring

steadily until boiling. Add onion and bacon, simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot sprinkled with chopped parsley, or add an extra half cup of milk, chill thoroughly, and serve in bowls with dry cheese biscuits.

BAKED STUFFED BREAM

Four small whole bream, lemon, 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon very finely chopped onion or shallot (including some of the green portion of the shallot), ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, pinch nutmeg, pinch grated lemon rind, salt and pepper to taste, nut of butter, 1 egg-yolk or a little milk.

Wash fish well in salted water. Leave heads on, remove eyes, trim fins and tails. Rub inside and out with cut lemon. Combine all seasoning ingredients, binding with melted butter and egg-yolk or milk. Fill into fish, sew up with needle and coarse thread. Place in well-greased slab-tin, lightly gash each fish 2 or 3 times across top. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven until flesh is white and flaky but not broken, about 20 to 30 minutes, according to size of fish. Lift on to serving-dish, carefully remove cotton. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

BLACKBERRY BOMBE

Three cups cooked blackberries (well drained free of syrup) or use any finely chopped cooked or tinned fruit well drained free of syrup, ice-cream (half a block or 1 tray of home-made ice-cream), 2 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Spoon fruit into a thick ovenware dish. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, and beat until sugar is dissolved and meringue holds its shape. Fold in lemon rind and vanilla, also coloring if desired. Working quickly, place ice-cream on top of fruit and quickly cover with a thick layer of meringue, drawing meringue well to edges of dish. Place under grill until meringue starts to set on top and brown very lightly. Griller should be fairly hot, but heat must be reduced when meringue is placed under to prevent top burning. A few minutes should be sufficient—if left too long, ice-cream will melt.

MENU 3

*Chilled Chicken Soup
Hawaiian Grill
Grilled Cheesed Tomatoes
Peas, Creamed Potatoes
Apricot Bavarian Cream
Coffee*

Packaged and tinned foods speed up the preparation of the following interesting and appetising dinner menu. The dishes are guaranteed to tempt the most weather-

CURRIED PRAWN KEDGERIE and **pineapple sherbet in watermelon case** are the two main dishes of this unusual and interesting summer dinner. Conventional curry accessories in Eastern bowls add charm.





● In summer appetites are capricious. But by serving hot and cold dishes on the one menu you can please everybody.

weary appetite and are sufficiently attractive to serve on guest-night.

The sweet and the soup (if the latter is to be served cold) may be prepared in the cool of the morning, leaving only the grill and the vegetables to be done later in the day. The Hawaiian grill takes longer to cook than the usual grill, but the result is delicious.

CHILLED CHICKEN SOUP

Make soup according to directions on package, adding 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water for each $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of soup. Chill in a shallow bowl. When quite firm and set, chop with a knife, serve in bouillon cups garnished with a thin, twisted slice of cucumber and a sprig of parsley.

HAWAIIAN GRILL

Six lamb chump chops cut $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, 2 halves canned or home-cooked peach, 2 tablespoons crushed pineapple, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute.

Remove skin from chops to prevent curling during cooking. Grill until well browned on both sides. Chop peaches very finely, add pineapple, breadcrumbs, sugar, and melted butter. Mix well, divide mixture into 6 portions, and press one portion on top of each chop, covering surface as much as possible. Place on thickly greased tray and bake in hot oven 10 to 20 minutes, or place under hot grill. Serve hot with grilled tomato halves topped with grated cheese.

APRICOT BAVARIAN CREAM

One and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 1 tablespoon warm water, 1 cup cooked apricot pulp (or use tinned apricots), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, sugar and almond essence (or vanilla) to taste, sponge fingers, apricot halves or a spoonful of apricot pulp, and a few chopped walnuts to decorate each serving.

Dissolve gelatine in warm water, add to apricot pulp, mix well. Fold in lightly whipped cream (sweetened and flavored), then milk. Line individual dishes with sponge fingers cut into short lengths, fill centre of each dish with apricot Bavarian when it has commenced to thicken. Chill until set. Top each serving with an apricot half or a spoonful of apricot pulp, sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

MENU 4

Rabbit Maryland
Sauteed Corn and Green Pepper
Potato Croquettes
Compote Plums with Coconut
Custard
Coffee

Practically all the preparation for this dinner may be done early in the day.

For example, the rabbit may be cooked and crumbed ready for browning. Potato croquettes may be prepared in the same way.

Plums may be stewed and coconut custard baked in the morning, so that both are quite cold before serving.

RABBIT MARYLAND

One medium-sized fresh rabbit, $\frac{1}{4}$ thinly sliced onion, small thin piece lemon rind, sprig of parsley, few bacon rinds, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg beaten with 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, browned breadcrumbs, frying fat or oil.

Cut tail joint from rabbit, wash

Continued on page 26

Use a tin-opener for easily prepared meals



● Devilled vegetable casserole, made from tinned vegetables and tomato soup, is topped with a layer of crushed savory biscuits and grated packaged cheese. This makes a satisfying dish for luncheon or week-end tea.



● Ice-cream is piled on to a jellied chocolate dessert made from a packaged mix. Tinned pear halves are arranged around the edge, and the sweet is decorated with fresh or crystallised cherries.

● The experienced housewife, however good a cook she may be, does not despise the tin-opener. She knows that tinned and packaged foods make her life easier

PRIZE RECIPE

MRS. M. RUSSELL, Elnora, N.S.W., wins a £5 prize for French pineapple tart.

One cooked and cooled 9in. pastry case, 1 small pineapple, 6 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons cornflour, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 dessert-spoon butter or substitute, 1 or 2 passionfruit, pinch salt, extra 4 tablespoons sugar.

Peel, core, and dice pineapple, barely cover with water, add sugar, and cook until tender. Drain, add water to syrup to make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. Blend cornflour with a little of the cooled syrup, add to balance of syrup with butter or substitute, lemon juice and rind. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Add beaten egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in pineapple and passionfruit pulp, fill into pastry shell. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff. Add extra sugar and beat to meringue consistency. Pile on to tart. Place in very moderate oven until lightly browned.

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* 12 oz. tin makes 4 pints of fresh milk, including $\frac{1}{2}$ pint dairy-rich cream.

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TF.94.WWJ2e

TINNED foods are a boon to the busy woman. So many different varieties are now available that it is time all housewives learned to appreciate their value and to use them whenever possible.

It is not always practicable to serve tinned foods exactly as they come from the can, chiefly because they are expensive unless the quantity is increased by the addition of other ingredients, but they serve as a basis for many quickly prepared, appetising dishes of which the housewife may well feel proud.

The recipes on this page are all based on tinned, packaged, or pre-prepared foods.

All spoon measurements are level.

DEVILLED VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Two tins mixed vegetables, $\frac{1}{2}$ small tin tomato soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup medium-thickness white sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons scraped or grated onion, 2 rashers chopped cooked bacon, pinch cayenne pepper, crushed savory biscuits, grated cheese, butter or substitute, parsley.

Mix vegetables with tomato soup and white sauce. Flavor with Worcestershire sauce, onion, bacon, and cayenne pepper. Turn into greased ovenware dish, top with crushed savory biscuits mixed with an equal amount of grated cheese. Dot generously with butter or substitute, bake in moderate oven until thoroughly heated and well browned on top. Garnish with parsley and serve with thin rolled bread and butter (brown, wholemeal, or white bread) or Melba toast.

FAMILY MEAT PIE

One packet pastry-mix, 1 tin beef stew, 1lb. cooked sausages (skinned and chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cubed cooked carrots, parsley.

Mix pastry according to directions on packet, roll thinly on floured board. Brush

surface lightly with milk before cutting into squares or triangles or rounds with a floured knife or cutter. Place on greased oven-tray and bake in hot oven 6 to 8 minutes. Open beef stew after heating according to directions on tin, turn into a basin. Add stock, sausages, and carrots. Turn into greased ovenware dish, cover, and reheat in moderate oven. Place pastry pieces around edge and return to oven until pastry is heated. Store balance of pastry pieces in airtight tin for future use. Garnish pie with parsley and serve piping hot.

Rub apple pulp through a strainer or whip with a wooden spoon until very pulpy. Fold in lemon rind. Dissolve jelly in boiling water, when cold and beginning to thicken beat until creamy, then fold in apple. Turn into serving-dish or mould, or allow to partly set, then pile in rough heaps in serving-dish. Chill until firm, decorate with cherries or toasted almonds serve with cream or custard.

SAVORY PAN PIE

One pound cooked minced meat, or 1 12oz. tin of luncheon meat, or $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1lb.

SUMMER COOKERY

CHOCOLATE PEAR DELIGHT

Two packages chocolate dessert, milk, 1 tin pears, ice-cream (bought or home-made), fresh cherries or crystallised or drained or maraschino cherries to decorate.

Make chocolate dessert according to directions on package, but reduce quantity of milk by half. Turn into wetted recess-tin, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, top with pear halves well drained free of syrup, fill centre with scoops of ice-cream. Decorate with cherries.

QUICK BEEF CREOLE

Twelve ounces tinned beef, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups water, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 dessert-spoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, pinch of nutmeg, ginger and pepper, salt to taste.

Slice and fry the onion in the hot fat, add flour and brown. Stir in water and seasonings, simmer 5 minutes. Add cubed or thinly sliced meat, heat thoroughly, and serve with vegetables.

APPLE FLUFF

One to $\frac{1}{4}$ cups stewed apple pulp drained free of syrup (or use tinned apple pulp), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 packet lemon jelly, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water.

minced luncheon sausage, 1 tablespoon minced or grated onion, 1 skinned chopped tomato, pinch herbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup thick brown gravy, a little sauce or chutney for extra flavor, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 or 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Combine meat, onion, tomato, herbs, salt, pepper, gravy, and sauce or chutney. Simmer gently for 10 minutes to mix flavors thoroughly. Sift flour with an extra pinch of

salt, rub in butter or substitute. Mix to a soft dough with the milk. Knead lightly and press to size and shape of saucepan. Place over meat, cover tightly, and cook on an asbestos mat for 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out on to hot dish, sprinkle thickly with parsley, cut into wedges and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM

Two teaspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 4 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 1oz. chocolate, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream or well-whipped custard, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Shred or grate chocolate into the warmed milk into which the powdered milk has been beaten. Add condensed milk and stir over boiling water until chocolate has melted and ingredients are well mixed. Add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Pour into refrigerator trays, when beginning to freeze around the edges remove from trays, beat 2 or 3 minutes. Fold in slightly whipped cream or well-whipped custard, vanilla and salt. Return to trays and freeze until firm.

Note: If desired, 1-3rd cup sugar may be used in place of condensed milk. Quick freezing makes a smooth-textured ice-cream, but is not always convenient



● This family favorite, beefsteak pie, is prepared and served in a new way. The beef stew comes out of a tin, and the pastry pieces are made from pastry mix. Additional pastry pieces are stored in an airtight tin for future use.

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nourishing *Salads*



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Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

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KRAFT CHEDDAR

FOR NOURISHING, HIGH-PROTEIN SALADS.

Kraft American Salad Plate

1 crisp lettuce; 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar; 1 large pear; diced beetroot and carrot; 1 apple; 1 tomato; 1 large orange; celery. As a finishing touch add the New Kraft Mayonnaise.

Line salad platter with lettuce leaves. Cut orange into sections, leaving whole at base; open out and fill with diced celery. Place orange on lettuce cup in centre of plate and surround with celery curls. At either side arrange pear halves, one filled with beetroot, the other with carrot. Arrange sliced tomato and cheddar around front of platter, and sliced apple and cheddar at back, as illustrated.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 7, 1953

Page 27



CAN YOU TRUST YOUR EYES?

Near enough is not good enough, when safety depends on sight. Can you trust your eyes — can you be sure of their efficiency, when the task requires clear vision?

Keen sight is your natural heritage, but sometimes your eyes are not equal to the never-ending demands made upon them. Reading, writing, sewing, driving your car, viewing films, playing cards or your favourite sport — all these everyday activities result in eyestrain — and neglect of

these eye disorders can lead to serious impairment of vision.

Only with specialised care can you protect your most priceless possession. You must rely on regular eye examination every two years . . . on the invaluable services provided by your Optometrist.

Don't hesitate to wear glasses when your Optometrist recommends them. True beauty demands clear, healthy eyes, and it is a fallacy that

glasses detract from your smart appearance. When the prescription you need has been executed, the glasses will be fitted in frames designed to flatter the contours of your face, in your choice of a galaxy of beautiful shades. You will see clearly, in beauty.

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FOR BETTER LIVING



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A QUEEN'S SILK

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S Coronation robes will be made of silver woven from English silk spun at Lullingstone Castle, Kent. This continues a tradition started by her parents, who wore English silk at their Coronation in 1927. The full story appears in A.M. for January.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 7, 1953

A doctor writes

Some of my patients

Most women should have children

Operation to cure underweight

YOUNG Mrs. Leonard came to see me 10-day looking very troubled.

"We've been married four years now, and it's worrying me because my husband does not want to have a family," she said. "Do you think you could talk him into a different attitude?"

"All my talk about wanting children just fails to impress him. He's a wonderful husband, otherwise."

"Well, medically speaking, you're not improving your health by denying natural functions, Mrs. Leonard," I told her.

"It's a hard, proved fact that long-lived women have always been the childbearers, despite the financial struggle some mothers have."

"In your case—and, though some women won't admit it, in most cases—you worry constantly about the matter, and that's not good."

"It's very different for the woman who is unable to have a baby. She is disappointed at first, but the knowledge that her childlessness is something apart from her own desires is consoling, and she soon finds satisfaction in other activities."

"That can't be the case when a woman knows, beyond all pretence, that she's deliberately nullifying her role in life. Too often, all kinds of psychological and physical troubles come to her."

I suggested to Mrs. Leonard that she ask her husband to come along and see me and I would do my best to make him understand that his wife would be better off with a family.

"Does he read the Bible?" I asked.

"Sometimes," she answered.

"Ask him to look through the opening chapters and see how the moral and natural law is laid down. The basis for hygiene and good health is there also."

"The disaster we achieve in ignoring the natural law is stated, too, and, goodness knows, there's plenty of evidence of that disaster abroad to-day."

AT my little baby clinic last week I proudly surveyed a fine crop of babes.

My smugness disappeared with the arrival of Mrs. Copley and her month-old babe. The poor little mite looked pinched and unhappy.

"Look at her, Doctor," said the worried mother.

"She vomits every feed and hasn't put on any weight in a week."

I asked Mrs. Copley how long the child had been vomiting and if she were still on her mother's milk.

"I've fed her myself since birth," replied Mrs. Copley.

"I'm afraid she vomited in hospital, but not nearly so much."

"Is her vomiting ordinary or is the food forced out and projected?" I asked.

"Projected," was Mrs. Copley's prompt reply. "I'm not exaggerating when I say that sometimes she vomits her milk right across the room."

"It's important for me to know that," I told the mother.

"A breast-fed baby often throws-up because of a tummy-ache caused by over-indulgence. Despite this, however, the baby usually puts on weight."

"But your little girl can't

put on weight because she loses practically every ounce of nourishment she takes by a special kind of vomiting known as projectile vomiting."

"What is the cause of it?" asked Mrs. Copley.

"When your baby, like everyone else, swallows her food it should pass through her stomach into her small intestine and then into the large intestine."

"This is done by rhythmic contractions which help the food to move along its appointed course. The part where the stomach joins the small intestine is called the pylorus."

"In your baby's case, the muscle growing around this passage has grown excessively and narrowed the outlet from the stomach to the intestine so much that food cannot pass through. This condition is called pyloric stenosis."

"When the stomach contracts to push the food forward, the blocked opening shoots it back again in a contracted movement, causing the projectile vomiting."

I then explained to Mrs. Copley that the difficulty could be overcome by a small operation in which the muscle could be cut so that the wall of the stomach would open through it to normal size.

"My poor babe is very tiny for an operation, isn't she?" asked her worried mother.

"Now, don't worry, Mrs. Copley," I said.

"The whole thing will take only a little while, and the result is immediate and permanent."

"In no time you'll have a bouncing baby, well fed and happy."

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

BACK FOR MORE!



NEW HONEY-SWEET FLAVOUR delights everyone! Toasty, tasty bran—added to the best and most delicious part of wheat—that's Kellogg's Bran Flakes! Never before have two mouth-watering cereal foods been combined in one breakfast cereal. And, you get this "2-in-1" breakfast for the price of one!



GENTLE LAXATIVE FOR ALL THE FAMILY! To the wheat which gives food value and energy, we've added just enough bran to provide gentle laxative action for every member of the family—from little Susan in this picture right up to you and Daddy, too. Ask your grocer for the NEW Kellogg's Bran Flakes today.

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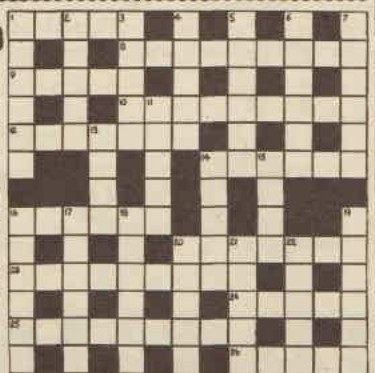
8P2-3

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Amusement with a bookie or with a light meal (5).
- Boldness is solid and I have a covering for head and neck (9).
- A vine can be artless (5).
- A mat duncie may chew (8).
- This high mountain may have been the sleeping place of Eve (7).
- Yield to compassion concerning fasting time (6).
- Red nag (anag., 5).
- Bottom layer for a prelate in being (7).
- Clear off fluid consumed (9).
- Permutation for the French welcome (5).
- A mixed double rent can point inward (9).
- Correct morning end (5).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

COCKPIT A P B
O R I K N A V E
R A F T E R S I T A
E F M S U S P E N D
A E U S I N L
L U R E D E P I S T L E
M O N S T E R T I M E S
E E A A H A A
T A C I L I T Y E G U
E T I L A C O N I C
O T A G O S U E
R I R N T I P I S T E R

Solution to last Week's crossword.

- He who chants he also reigns (6).
- Pope's sweetheart without lubricant is a drupe (5).
- The objective of yours truly is a school composition (8).
- Allow to have an American President (5).
- Destitute in Diana's employment (6).
- Order a wise man to make up the quantity of medicine to be taken (6).
- At the beginning of the Nativity season Dave is broken (6).
- Quivering as writing instrument (5).
- Marshy plant backing a quadruped (4).
- Split tea to clinch (5).
- Conducted round a printer's measure to beat temporarily (4).
- Abundance with alternative in alarm (6).
- Strike in croquet (6).
- Expels entangled civets (6).
- Consented (6).
- Trite with a Phoenician god at the ends (5).
- Greek letter at the end of some rivers (5).
- I and a learned person of yore make a picture (5).

MOTHERS KNOW—

EGGS

are the perfect all-round food!



INVENTOR AND MUSICIAN

A 43-YEAR-OLD Sydney musician and businessman is one of Australia's most prolific inventors. Among his many patented ideas is that of a special slide fastener which was eagerly snapped up by Australia's fighting services during World War II. Read about this extraordinary man in the

JANUARY ISSUE of A.M., NOW ON SALE



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Pig's Back"

a certainty with

ANDERSON'S

FAMOUS SAUSAGES & SMALLGOODS

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

The questions and answers below are current fashion problems chosen from this week's readers' mailbag.



IS there a suit-trim for a day dress designed on very slim lines, and for a jacket?
For a slim-line day dress, pockets are an important trim, an ultra-deep patch pocket and a pocket which draws the eye to the hip line are two popular designs used for skirt decoration.

High-placed, rather small breast-pockets are perhaps the most popular style for a bodice.

Side-entrance, muff-type pockets placed at the chest enhance the slim line of the middie jacket silhouette. Hem-line pockets concealed inside a deep bias jacket hem are also used for the same silhouette. The latter style is shown in this week's Dress Sense Pattern.

WHAT would be a becoming neckline treatment for a crepe afternoon dress?

D.S. 20: One-piece designed with moulded torso and slim, pleated skirt. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

The coming autumn season will produce numbers of flattering neckline treatments. Perhaps one of the most becoming is an open-up neckline framed by a draped, twisted, or tucked self-fabric trim. At times, this type of self-material trim continues into a tiny sleeve. A soft cowl is another new and flattering bodice finish.

HAS the floor-length bridal gown been replaced by the ballerina bridal dress?

The traditional floor-length bridal gown is still, and I think always will be, the most popular design for the average bride. A typical current style has a pointed bodice and shoulder-line ruffle below a sheer yoke. The skirt is full, the sleeves wrist-length.

The dress is made in white satin, with yoke of matching nylon net. A dress with a ballerina-length skirt is becoming moderately popular in the New York dress market. The ballerina bridal dress is usually made in sheer or lace, with a simple bodice top and important skirt. The skirt is often designed in tiers or ruffles.

WHAT is a fashionable line for a between-seasons coat?

Interpretations of the latest coat designs suitable for early

autumn reflect a quiet elegance. A fitted silhouette and a boxy line, straighter than last year's, are both in fashion. Face-framing collars and collarless necklines share fashion honors.

WHAT will be new in colors for autumn day-wear.

Next autumn will not see the usual single-minded interest upon basic grey, black, and brown. A new tawny crop of colors will be high fashion. The list includes all blond and beige tonings, apricot, pumpkin, sherry, raisin. Royal-blue with black is a chic alliance. Greens and a bright saxe-blue will also receive attention.

WILL skirts be longer for autumn?

Greater length is the one point on which all the Paris couturiers agreed during the autumn Paris showings. An inch or two was added to hemlines, and the long look further emphasised by lower waistlines, long-torso cuts, and longer jackets.

WHICH hat styles will be most favored for autumn wear?

The neat head look was emphasised in both the Paris and London autumn collections. A turban-like shape, either completely covering the hair like a bathing-cap or dipping back to the nape of the neck, is new. The turban is most effective when worn with really enormous earrings. Platter and cone shapes are also popular for autumn hats.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear

grey; aqua, lemon, brick, green, grey; pink, blue, aqua, lemon—all printed on a white ground. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 48/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 50/-.

* NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 24. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddart's Building, 21 Pitt Street Sydney.



Marilyn

"MARILYN." — A sleeveless shirt-waist style, an ideal design for summer days. The dress is obtainable ready to wear only in a printed striped and spotted cotton. The color choice includes red, navy, and white; lime, junior-navy, and white; aqua, tan, and white; light burgundy, blue, and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 48/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 50/-.

"JOANNA." — A smart one-piece designed for day wear, obtainable ready to wear only. The material is a printed multi-colored cotton. The color choice includes American beauty, blue, lemon, green, grey; green, tangerine, blue, violet,



Joanna

GO FOR THOSE SUMMER HEADACHES IN A BIG WAY!

To be sure that you have 'ASPRO' always at hand, ready for those often-recurring summer headaches get the giant size bottle. At 4/9 for 108 tablets it is economy buying too!

The beauty of 'ASPRO' is that it works in such a smooth, soothing kind of way that you can take it freely without fear of after-effects. 'ASPRO' does more than stop the headache—'ASPRO' calms and comforts as well—something you need particularly in summer as hot weather headaches are usually accompanied by nervousness and irritability.

A good tip for hot weather **NERVINESS** 'ASPRO' with a CUP of TEA



ONLY 4/9 for 108 tablets



'ASPRO' The giant economical family size for every household.

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at any



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Peek Frean's

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THAT MAKE
EVERY BITE A
SPECIAL OCCASION

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You'll love these pale golden delicacies, filled with the mellow richness of custard cream.
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The sweetly pink filling gives a delicious flavour to these golden 'short' biscuits.
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Lemon Puff



A tantalizing flavour contrast between plain puff biscuits and smooth sweet lemon cream.
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Bourn Vita Creams



Sweet melt-in-the-mouth delight with Bourn-Vita biscuits put together with coconut cream.
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Caramel Creamette



There's enticing flavour in these small crisp, sweet-plain biscuits filled with rich caramel cream.
about 36 to the pound



Holiday home should be comfortable

By JOAN MARTIN

This is the season when many people, particularly those with children on school holidays, go off to the beach or the country for well-earned weeks of relaxation.

WITH holiday accommodation always hard to get over the summer period and guest-house or hotel tariffs fantastically high, more and more people are building holiday homes.

Some talented families gather their tools together and build themselves, adding to or improving the original structure as time and finance permit.

Others, who can afford to engage a builder, have their holiday homes planned by architects of the modern school, trained to design a house with a maximum of comfort in a minimum of space.

If you decide to build, a good architect will naturally determine his plan around your "design for living." Although well informed on the latest developments in building, he will welcome any ideas you may have.

Whether the home is at the seaside or in the country, the basic requirement is COMFORT. You would be wise to spend the money on fundamentals and add the decorative touches later.

Half the pleasure of owning a week-end or holiday home is in being able to invite friends to share the fun. When you are planning

and furnishing it is essential to consider their comfort as much as your own.

I have never owned a holiday home, but from years of experience as a guest I have made a mental list of "musts" for the home I hope one day to build.

For instance, I think a small shower-room and toilet for each guest room is the ideal. But in most cases this is liable to be costly, and the next best thing is a shower and toilet to serve two rooms—preferably with doors opening into each bedroom.

If there is only one bathroom it should be in a central position in the home. It is wise to have a separate toilet, or, even better, two separate toilets.

Comfortable beds are, in my opinion, a necessity. A good mattress and comfortable pillows are well worth the money you outlay. You should not forget, also, to have enough bedclothes, especially blankets. A spare blanket or light rug is always a welcome sight to the visitor who feels the cold.

A good reading light is another necessity. There is nothing more irritating than to start reading in bed and then discover that the light is inadequate. Just as bad is a centre fitting with the light switch well away from the bed.

For a holiday home, I would rather spend money on labor-saving devices than on expensive curtains and bedspreads. If I were short of spending money I would find some way of buying a refrigerator and make do with the most inexpensive drapes I could find.

For the person who can afford it, an automatic washing-up machine and a freezing unit are both the last word in holiday comfort.

In rather inaccessible places the storing of food becomes a problem, and the freezing unit would allow you to stock up for a whole season.

I would not want to be relegated to the kitchen while my guests or family were enjoying themselves, so I would have a kitchen that opens into and becomes part of the living-room.

While preparing meals I could join in the conversation, and, what is more important, my guests would not feel embarrassed because I spent so much of my time in the kitchen. In fact, with such an arrangement it would be fun for everyone to take a hand in getting the meal ready.

The illustration above shows a kitchen which not only opens into the living-room but also on to the terrace or garden. This is ideal for informal living. It means that snacks can be served from the counter or food passed through for eating outdoors. It is also perfect for a barbecue.

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The layette, including a frock, petticoat, and nightgown, is obtainable cut out ready to make in white rayon crepe-de-chine. The embroidered motifs on frock and petticoat are clearly traced ready to embroider. The lace edging is supplied. Sizes: Infants to 6 months, price, frock, 18/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Nightgown, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

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from page 9

Benedict experienced a series of shocks which left him dazed but strangely exhilarated, too. The first shock to his south-west sensibilities came when Dr. Lynnton introduced the young negro who drove them down to Virginia.

The little ceremony was as casual (but also as formal) as though he were introducing any two friends or acquaintances.

"Benedict, this is Jefferson Swazey, who'll drive us down. Jeff, this is Mr. Jordan Benedict, from Texas."

Well, I'll be hanged, thought Jordan Benedict. On the way down the two men talked of this and that: of the freakish little filly; of the dead Harding, that pitiful and scandal-ridden figure with his imposing facade concealing the termite-riddled interior of Coolidge, the new President of the United States, the rigid vinegary Vermont.

It was almost dusk as they arrived. The two men entered the house. A wide and beautifully proportioned hall ran from front to back with great arched doorways opening off it. Shabby rugs on a caramel floor. Riding crops, tennis racquets, books and papers, and magazines on the overflowing hall table, a friendly lean and lazy dog, a delicious scent of something baking or boiling or both.

They peered into the big living-room. Here was a feminine world, all crystal and flowers and faded yellow satin curtains. Bits of jade. The ruby glow of Bohemian glass. The flicker of a flame in the fireplace.

Doctor Lynnton shook his head. "The girls are somewhere around, but they're probably busy. Perhaps you'd like to wash-up."

"I'd like to have a look at the filly while it's still light."

"Yes—the horse." Doctor Lynnton agreed somewhat vaguely. From a nearby room there came the sound of voices. He raised his voice to a shout. "Leslie!"

Bick Benedict turned expecting to see a son, or a manservant answering to this name. There emerged from the room that later he was to know as the library two figures, a man and a woman.

The woman was wearing riding clothes, he was startled to see that it was a saddle habit complete with glistening black boots, crop, and stock. He had seen nothing like this in years—certainly not in Texas. A tall, slim girl, not pretty.

"Leslie, this is Jordan Benedict, here from Texas. My daughter Leslie."

The young man with her was in riding clothes and not only riding clothes but actually a pink coat of the hunting variety. Well I'll be hanged, Jordan Benedict said to himself for the second time in an hour. Then his ear was caught by the girl's voice which was lovely, warm, and vibrant.

"Texas! How interesting! Father, you know Nicky Rorik. Mr. Benedict, this is Count Nicholas Rorik; Mr. Jordan Benedict."

Dr. Lynnton moved towards the rear doorway. "We're on our way to the pad-

dock. Mr. Benedict's come to look at My Mistake."

"I'm coming along," said Leslie, "to tell you all her bad points. I don't want anyone to buy her."

"Dear daughter, kindly remember that Mr. Benedict is a Texan and your father is a country doctor. You two go on down to the stable. I'll join you directly, Jordan."

Rorik, Benedict was saying in his mind. Rorik. Now let's see. He comes from one of those kicked-around kingdoms, or a midget principality or something, it's one of those musical-comedy places.

Then the slim dark young man said something about seeing everyone at dinner. And vanished with a bow that gave the impression of heel clicking, though nothing of the sort took place.

Weeks later Jordan Benedict dredged the young man up from the depths of his memory and put to his wife Leslie the questions which even now were stirring in his thoughts.

"That first day I met you, Leslie, when I came into the house with your father. You were tucked away in the library with that Rorik guy. What kind of hanky-panky was going on, anyway? Quiet as mice until your father called you."

"Oh, that. Well, I never quite knew, myself. It was a serious proposal of a sort, but it had a morganatic tinge. When his uncle dies he'll become ruler or grand duke or whatever it's called—if any. I've lost track."

Now, on their way to the paddock he waited for her to speak. In Texas the women talked a lot, they chattered on and on about little inconsequential things calculated to please but not strain the masculine mind.

Leslie Lynnton did not start the conversation. She strolled composedly and quietly beside him. All about them were the ancient trees, the scent of flowers whose perfume yielded itself to the cool evening air. The orchard was cloudy with blossoms.

"How green it is!" he said inadequately.

"Isn't it green in Texas?" The girl must be a fool. "Don't you know about Texas?"

"No. Except that it's big. And the men wear hats like yours."

"Yes, I suppose this does look funny to you. But then, that rigging you're wearing looks funny to me." For some reason he wanted to jar her composure. "And your friend's red coat."

She laughed and paused a moment in her walk and looked directly at him for the first time. And he thought: She might be kind of pretty if she filled out a little. She was saying, "They're called pink, not red. Don't ask me why. And you're right about these riding clothes of mine. They're ridiculous, I never wear them, really."

"But you're wearing—"

"I mean I never wear them for riding. Just to-day. It's a special day down here. Once a year they do a lot of rather silly stuff that was Virginia a century or two ago. You know—scarlet coats and floating veils and yocks. The men dig their pink coats out of

moth balls and the women wear this sort of thing if they still can stick on a sidesaddle. To-night's the Hunt Ball—not at our house, thank heaven!—and you're invited."

"I'd look good at a Hunt Ball in these clothes."

"Oh, well. We're having dinner here—just the family and two or three others. Do stay for that."

He muttered something about an engagement in Washington, to which she said politely, well, another time perhaps. And there they were at the stables and My Mistake was being paced in the paddock by a young negro boy.

Bick saw instantly that the satin-coated sorrel had the proper conformation: long of leg, neat of hoof, long muscular neck, deep chest. Her hoofs seemed scarcely to touch the ground, they flicked the earth as delicately as a ballet dancer's toes.

"Well, there she is," said Doctor Lynnton, coming up behind them.

Horses had been a vital part of Jordan Benedict's life since birth. It could not be said that he prided himself on his horsemanship any more than he could be said to be proud of his breathing or walking. Certainly walking was more foreign to this Texan than riding.

"I'd like to try her out if you've no objection," he said to Doctor Lynnton.

"Of course. How would you like to try her on the track? We've rigged up a little half-mile track there just beyond."

AS Jordan mounted in his Texas tans, his great wide-brimmed Texas Stetson, his brown Oxfords, Leslie called to him, "How about your clothes?"

He hung up his arm. "My grandmother could rope a steer in hoop skirts."

Perhaps it was the upflung arm that startled My Mistake. Jordan had ridden a thousand quarter horses, buckling ponies, racing horses. This filly was a live electric wire carrying a thousand volts. She was out of the gate and on the track like a lightning flash.

Accustomed all his life to the high-pomelled Western saddle he sat the Eastern saddle well enough but his style was a revelation to Eastern eyes. The stableboys stared, their eyes their mouths making three wide circles in each amazed face. Jordan's arms were akimbo, he held the reins high, his loose-jointed seat in the saddle irked the little filly, she jerked her head around to glare at him with rolling resentful eyeballs, she skittered sidewise. She gave him a nasty five minutes.

Confounded girl, watching. He knew he must master her, he did master her, he took her twice around, drew up before his startled audience and dismounted before the animal had come to a stop.

Leslie Lynnton was laughing like a child, peal on peal of helpless spontaneous laughter. "Now Leslie," her father said chidingly, "don't you tease Mr. Benedict. That's how they ride in Texas."

Leslie drew a deep breath and choked a little. "That

wasn't riding. That was scuffling with a horse."

He was deeply offended, it was almost as if a man had impugned his honor—a phrase still used in Texas editorials. Instantly she sensed this, she spoke so that the grinning boys could hear.

"I'm sorry. Forgive me. I'm ignorant about your part of the country. Our way of riding seems queer to you too. You'd laugh at me if you saw me in this habit all bunched up on the side of a horse."

He was furious. He said nothing. There was a little frown between his eyes and his eyes were steel.

"All right boys," Doctor Lynnton called to the stablemen, and waved away the horse, the attendants, the whole incident. "Thanks. Come on Jordan—let's go up to the house and have a little drink before dinner."

"Oh, I'm afraid I'll have to —" Jordan began stiffly.

"You must have a wife or a mother or a—or someone who has spoiled you terribly," Leslie said. "You take teasing so hard."

"My sister," he found himself saying to his own intense astonishment. "I'm not married. My sister—I live with my sister."

"Oh, well, that accounts for it. Why aren't you married, Jordan?"

"Now Leslie!" Doctor Lynnton remonstrated again.

He ignored this. "It seems strange to hear you call me Jordan." He pronounced it with a u, Jurden, Texas fashion. "Almost no one does. There's always been a Jordan in the family, but everybody calls me Bick."

"Bick Benedict," Leslie tried the sound of it. "No, I like your own name. Jordan Benedict. Why do they call you Bick?"

He began to feel really foolish. "Oh, when I was a little kid I suppose I couldn't say Benedict, the nearest I could manage was Bick, and it stuck as a nickname."

"Jordan," she said stubbornly. "You're staying to dinner. And the night. You can drive back to Washington to-morrow morning with papa, he gets up at a ghastly hour and starts poking at people's insides before the world is awake."

"I came here to buy a horse," Bick announced rudely. "I won't go to any Hunt Ball."

Walking between the two men Leslie linked an arm into her father's arm, into Bick's. "I'll get up early and have breakfast with you two. There's mama. We're late I suppose."

On the verandah steps stood Mrs. Lynnton and beside her a girl of sixteen or seventeen in men's pants—at least that was what Bick Benedict called them. Benedict was shocked. Even the professional rodeo girls wore full divided skirts in Texas.

"Well, really," began Mrs. Lynnton with considerably less than storied Southern hospitality. "it's half past seven dinner's at eight and you're not even—"

"Mama, Mr. Jordan Benedict, from Texas . . . Lacey—my sister Lacey."

Leslie performed the introductions at a clip which left her mother's complaint far be-

hind. Mrs. Lynnton had made instant appraisal of this tall broad-shouldered visitor in the ten-gallon hat and dismissed him as negligible.

"Are you the man who wants to buy My Mistake?" Lacey asked bluntly.

Mrs. Lynnton acknowledged his presence for the first time. "I hope so, before Lacey here kills herself riding her."

"No, Mr. Benedict's not buying her," Leslie said, without reason.

"Oh, yes ma'am, I am," Bick said with a great deal of drawl as always when angry. Too many bossy women around here, he thought.

Doctor Lynnton waved a placating hand. "Let's not decide anything now. We'll have a drink and then we'll all clean up and see you downstairs at about eight, Jordan. Uh, Bick. Is that better?"

Stuck, he thought as he entered his room, but then instantly there came over him a sensation very strange—a mingling of peace and exhilaration. A large square high-ceilinged room, cool, quiet. Chintz curtains, flowers in a vase, a fire in the fireplace, a bathroom to himself, shaving things and sweet-smelling stuff in bottles in the bathroom, and big thick soft towels.

Nothing like this at Reata in spite of the millions of acres and dozens of rooms and scores of servants and "hands."

Later in the evening when he mentioned the comfort of his room to Leslie she said flippantly: "Yes, who cares about the necessities, it's the luxuries that count. What if the dishpan does leak?"

He still could telephone Washington and have someone drive out to fetch him. What was the sense of staying? He'd made up his mind to buy the filly, if only (he told himself parenthetically) to show those women that they couldn't run him the way they ran Doctor Lynnton.

Across the table from him—across all those lighted candles and the flowers—were Leslie and that Rorik fellow still in the red coat. Only it looked dressier now and his hair very black above the red. Career man he'd be called. Bick disliked him for no reason.

The women did a great deal of talking, they were leading the conversation, especially that Leslie girl, it wasn't the formal sort of dinner-table talk that he had sometimes encountered in Washington on his infrequent business trips there.

He rarely took active part in the Washington end of Texas affairs, that was his cousin Rorik Benedict's business, that was why he had been sent to Washington.

Someone at the other end of the table must have asked Nicholas Rorik a question for he raised his voice to carry down the line of dinner guests.

"It isn't a large country as you know, it is a principality, my country." He cast his eyes ceilingward to juggle the figures into American terms. "It would be in your miles less than eight hundred square miles. Very small, as you consider size in this country."

"My goodness," said his questioner, laughing a little and then turning to look at

Jordan Benedict. "Texas is bigger than that, isn't it, Mr. Benedict?"

"Texas!" said Doctor Lynnton. "Why, Mr. Benedict's ranch is bigger than that. Sorry, Nicky. No offence."

"I've always heard these tall tales from Texas," said one of the men across the table—he, too, was wearing one of those red coats with a red face above it—and now I'd like to have it right from the horse—right from headquarters, Mr. Benedict. Just how many acres have you got, or miles or whatever it is you folks reckon in? It's the biggest ranch in Texas, isn't it?"

Jordan Benedict never could accustom himself to the habit these Yankees had of asking a man how much land he had. Why, it was the same as coming right out and asking a man how much money he had!

"No," he said quietly, "it isn't the largest. It is one of the large ranches but there are others as large. One or two larger, up in the Panhandle and down in the brush country."

He felt that Leslie Lynnton was looking at him and he sensed that she understood his resentment though he didn't know how or why. That girl isn't only smart, he thought. She understands everything, that's why her eyes are so warm and lovely.

"Yes," the fellow was saying, persistently. "Yes, but how many acres, actually? A million? Is that right? A million acres?"

Jordan Benedict felt his face reddening. Still, a straight question like that, aimed at a man's head. You had to answer it or insult a man at your host's table. He had seen men killed for much less.

There was a lull in the table talk. He looked squarely into Leslie's eyes, she smiled at him ever so faintly as a mother smiles at a shy child, in encouragement. He heard himself saying, "Something over two million acres. Two million and a half, to be exact."

Mrs. Lynnton's head had been slightly turned away from the table to speak over her shoulder to a servant. She turned now to look at Jordan Benedict. It was a stunned look, the look of one who has heard but who rejects the words as incredible.

"How many acres did you say, Mr. Benedict?"

"He said two and a half million acres mama," Leslie said with exquisite distinctness. "And you should see the greedy look on your face."

But Mrs. Lynnton was not one to be diverted from her quarry, once she had the scent.

"Are there," she persisted, "any cities on the premises?" Choking a little, "Why yes ma'am, there are a few."

"Do you own those too?" The company could no longer be contained. A roar went up. Bick Benedict's reply, "Not rightly own, no ma'am," was lost in the waves of laughter.

"Nobody owns a city," Bick persisted virtuously. Controller of every vote in the town of Benedict, and most of the county.

From across the table Les-

lie said, "How about Tammany?"

"Oh, now, Leslie!" pleaded a man seated beside Mrs. Lynnton. A New Yorker, Bick decided not very astutely. And anyway, what does a woman want to go and get mixed up in political talk for?

At ten o'clock the dinner guests departed, bound for the Hunt Ball. Jordan Benedict declined politely to go, pleading no proper clothes and a very early Washington appointment.

At quarter of eleven Leslie Lynnton pleaded a crashing headache together with various other racking complications and left the Hunt Ball flat, returning to her home under the somewhat dazed escort of a bewildered young man who had long been a willing but unrewarded victim. She went straight to the library but seemed disappointed in what she found—or failed to find—there.

But she made three silent trips between the library and her bedroom, her arms loaded each time with books of assorted sizes. These she plumped down on her bed and it was surrounded by these tomes that her sister Lacey in the room next door came upon her in a spirit of investigation, having seen her light and heard her moving about.

Lacey poked her head in at the door.

"What are you home for?"

"To read about Texas."

"You mean you came home from the Hunt Ball just to have a read! About Texas?"

"Go along to bed," Leslie said.

"There's a good child."

Lacey gave her a hard look.

"Aha!" she said. "Likewise oh! Texas, huh?"

The Lynnton family knew what Leslie meant when she said she was going to have a read. Her bed in the old Virginia house was no meagre couch. Leslie had seized upon a vast four-poster that had repused for years in the jungleland of the attic. It stood, not with its headboard against the wall as is the custom of all well-behaved beds, but in the middle of the room for reasons that none of the family could fathom and that Leslie never explained. The headboard soared almost to the ceiling. Above blazed a crystal chandelier, full blatt, and on either side were lamps.

All over the bed and in piles on the floor were books large and small, making a sort of stockade in the confines of which Leslie Lynnton had composed herself to read for hours.

Upon this spectacle Lacey gazed without astonishment.

"Oh, Leslie, are you in love with him?"

"Perhaps. Yes, I think so. He says Texas is different from any other state in the whole United States."

"Pooh! Everybody says that about their own state. That's what papa says about Ohio and mama about Virginia."

Leslie ignored this. "He calls it 'my country' when he means Texas. I asked him about that and he said all Texans—he says Texians—call their state their country and they even call their own ranches their country as if they were kings. I never was so

interested in my life. I've got all the books I could find in the library that might have something about Texas and pa's files and the Congressional Records since way back and the encyclopaedia and a lot of histories and Your South-west and how to Run a Ranch and Life of a Texas Ranch Wife and the Texas Rangers and Texas, a Description of Its Geographical Social—and Other Conditions With Special Reference to—"

"Good night!" said Lacey, and closed the door firmly.

Breakfast at the Lynntons' was a pleasant thing. The dining-room itself was perhaps the friendliest room in that open-handed house. A noble old room, high-ceilinged, many-windowed. On a sunny day such as this it was no room for a woman who preferred to shun the early-morning light. A brilliant bay at the south end led to a terrace and the haphazard garden. Inside shone mahogany and silver and crystal.

Bick Benedict, entering the room rather diffidently, noted that the napkins were neatly darned, the flower-patterned carpet threadbare. "It's the luxuries that matter," Leslie had said. "Who cares about the necessities?"

Breakfast here was done in the English fashion, a movable feast. On the long sideboard were the hot dishes cozily covered and freshly replenished from time to time but certainly the early risers had the best of it. Eggs, kippers, sausages. Hot biscuits, toast, muffins. Tea, coffee, jam, honey.

You helped yourself, you sat and you talked, or you sat and ate if you had awakened grumpy, or you sat and read your paper, the sun streamed in, the coffee was strong and hot, there was an air of leisure mingled with a pleasant bustle of coming and going.

Leslie Lynnton came in with a rush which she checked at once.

Early as she was, Doctor Lynnton and Bick Benedict were there ahead of her. She looked very young and pale in the little blue dress with the white collars and cuffs, her black hair tied with a ribbon. She had had three hours of sleep.

"Hello!" she said. "Good morning."

"Why, Leslie!" said Doctor Lynnton.

She hurriedly blotted this out by saying, as she helped herself to coffee, "I almost always breakfast with papa."

She looked very straight at Bick Benedict and he at her. She saw in the morning light that his eyes were crinkled at the corners from sun and wind; he looked even taller and broader of shoulder there at breakfast in the sunny room.

"You're looking mighty pert, Miss Leslie," he said inadequately. "You don't look as if you'd been dancing all night."

She drank her entire cup of coffee, black, she set the cup down carefully in the saucer and sat a moment very still as though ignoring the little compliment, so that the two men as they regarded her so admiringly and thought of her, the one with the love and

affection of many years, the other with an emotion that bewildered and exhilarated him, felt momentarily puzzled.

She made her decision. "I came home at quarter to eleven," she said quietly, "and I read about Texas until four this morning."

"Oh, Leslie!" groaned Doctor Lynnton. "Leave the poor boy to eat his breakfast in peace."

Bick Benedict was astonished and he did not believe her. He smiled rather patronizingly. "Well, what did you learn? It takes a lot of reading, Texas does."

"We really stole Texas, didn't we? I mean away from Mexico."

He jumped as if he had touched a live wire. His eyes were agate. He waited a moment before he trusted himself to speak.

"I don't understand the joke," he finally said through stiff lips. He thought how many men had been killed in Texas for saying so much less than this thing that had been said to him.

LESLEIE said calmly, "I'm not joking, Mr. Benedict. It's there in the history books, isn't it? This Mr. Austin moved down there with two or three hundred families from the East, it says, and the Mexicans were polite and said they could settle and homestead if they wanted to, under the rule of Mexico. And the next thing you know they're claiming they want to free themselves from Mexico and they fight and take it. Really! How impolite. I don't mean to be rude, but really. Of course the Spanish explorers, and the French, that was different. There was nobody around and there they were tramping and riding across the hot desert in all those iron clothes, with steel helmets and plumes.

"They must have been terribly uncomfortable. Those Conquistadors— isn't it a lovely word!—Coronado and De Soto and What'shisname De Vaca, poor dears, looking for the Seven Cities of Cibola like children on a treasure hunt. But, still, they didn't actually grab the land away from anyone the way we did. Of course there were the Indians, but perhaps they didn't count."

Doctor Lynnton glanced at Benedict. He was startled to see that the man was rigid with suppressed anger. The muscles of his jaw stood out hard and stiff.

"Now, now, Leslie," Doctor Lynnton murmured soothingly. "You mustn't talk like that to a Texan. They're touchy. They feel very strongly about their State." He smiled. "Their country, you might almost say. To some of them the United States is their second country. Isn't that so, Benedict?"

"Oh, but I didn't mean to be impolite!" Leslie said before Bick could voice his pent anger. "I was just talking impersonally—about history." She picked up her cup and saucer and came over and sat besides him, coisly, her elbow on the table, she leaned towards him, she peered into his face like an eager child. It was disconcerting, it was maddening, if she had been a man

he would have hit her, he told himself.

"It's all in the books, it's news to me, I just meant it's so fascinating. It's another world, it sounds so big and new and different. I love it. The cactus and the cowboys and the Alamo and the sky and the horses and the Mexicans and the freedom. It's really America, isn't it. I'm—I'm in love with it."

Bick Benedict's heart gave a lurch. Watch out, he said to himself. Rattlesnakes.

Women did not talk like that. Certainly Texas women didn't talk like that. Of course, in those two years he had spent at Harvard because the Benedict men always had a couple of years at Harvard so that no one could say they were provincial, he had met a few girls who had a lot of opinions of their own but they weren't popular girls, they weren't girls you saw at the football games or the prom. Well, if she wanted to talk about Texas he'd talk to her as if she were a man.

"I never saw anything as ignorant as you Easterners. All you know about American history is what's happened east of Philadelphia. Did you ever hear of the Rio Grande? I'll bet they don't even teach about the Alamo and San Jacinto in your schools."

"No, they don't. Do they papa?"

Doctor Lynnton passed his hand over his face with a gesture like that of brushing off cobwebs. But she went on without waiting for his confirmation. "And anyway, we're not Easterners, Mr. Benedict." With earnestness she had grown formal. "Are we papa?" A rhetorical question, purely. "Tell him."

"No!" said Horace Lynnton.

"Ohioans are no Easterners. But now don't you get into any fracas with a Texan, Leslie. They're touchier than a hornet, didn't you know that?" Horace Lynnton stood up. "Don't you think you ought to look at My Mistake again before we go? I don't think you ought to buy her unless you're dead sure. You'll have to watch out for that trick she has of doing fancy dance steps just when she's supposed to be getting near the post. Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"I've paid five times that for a bull," Bick said, but not boastfully. Absently, as though this were something unimportant, to be dismissed for more pressing things. "Do you like it living here in Virginia?" he asked Leslie.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Everything looks so little."

"Big doesn't necessarily mean better. Sunflowers aren't better than violets."

"How far west have you been?"

"Kansas City once, with papa."

"That's east! And little. In Texas there's everything. There's no end to it."

"Perhaps too much of everything is as bad as too little. I suppose I'm used to everything being sort of cozy. I don't mean little and cramped. But sort of near me. Family and books and friends and the kitchen if I want to go out and try something new and Caroline doesn't mind."

Doctor Lynnton cleared his throat to remind them of his

presence. They were weaving a pattern, warily, of which he was no part. "We'll have to be getting along, Bick," he said. "Unless you would like to stay on, we'd be happy to have you but I'm due at the hospital—"

"Good morning!" cried Mrs. Lynnton from the dining-room doorway. "Good morning everybody." She looked straight at Bick. "Good morning Lochinvar!"

Bick Benedict, rather red, stammered, "Uh—good—uh—"

"Don't mind mama," Leslie said, not at all embarrassed. "She's been trying to marry me off for years. And anyway, mama, if you're going to be geographical, Lochinvar came out of the west, not the south-west."

"Leslie reads too much," Mrs. Lynnton explained blandly. "Leslie, dear, if Mr. Benedict has finished breakfast don't you want to show him the stables?"

"He saw them yesterday, mama. Besides, we've just quarrelled in a polite way about Texas so it's no use your trying to palm me off on him. And, anyway, Mr. Benedict has three million acres and five hundred thousand cows or whatever they're called in Texas—"

"Head of cattle," Bick suggested, "and not quite five—"

"—head of cattle, then. And hundreds of vaqueros and consequently he's engaged to marry the daughter of the owner of the adjoining ranch, who, though comparatively poor, is beautiful, and has only one million acres and fifteen thousand horses and two hundred thousand head of cattle and six hundred vaqueros."

"What is a vaquero?" Mrs. Lynnton demanded, dignified in defeat.

Jordan Benedict walked round the table to stand beside Leslie as though he were talking to her rather than to her mother.

"A vaquero is a Mexican cowboy," he said crisply, with no trace of a drawl. "Did you ever hear the word buckaroo? That's what the old Texas pioneers made of vaquero, they couldn't get the hang of the Spanish word vaquero. You see—va-ca, cow. Vaquero—fellow who tends cows."

"Is she pretty?" demanded Mrs. Lynnton, turning the knife in her wound.

Dr. Lynnton bent over his wife's chair and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "Good-bye, dear. Mr. Benedict and I are going now. I'm late."

Baffled, Mrs. Lynnton must still know the worst. "What, may I ask, is the name of the lucky young lady you are marrying, with all those cows?"

Then even Leslie was moved to protest. "Oh, dear Mrs. Nickleby, that was just my little joke."

Bick Benedict just touched her hand with his forefinger. "It's more or less true—or was. My next-door neighbor does have a daughter—only a next-door neighbor in Texas is fifty miles away usually. And he does have just about all that land and those horses and the cattle. And perhaps there was some idea of my marrying his daughter like the fellow in a book. But I'm not."

A radiance lighted Mrs. Lynnton's austere features. "Dear me, it all sounds so romantic. I never knew anyone from Texas before, it's very refreshing. Of course, it's quite a distance, Texas."

"It is a far piece, ma'am," Bick agreed, still looking at Leslie. "But when you get there you never want to live anywhere else."

"Yes," Mrs. Lynnton agreed happily, "with those new fast trains and all, you can visit back east in no time at all. And you're going back tomorrow. Dear me, what a pity. I don't know when I've met any young man that seemed so much like one of the family."

After thirty-six hours of travel the bride and bridegroom seemed to have set up miniature housekeeping in their drawing-room on the Missouri Pacific's crack Sunshine Special. Books and papers and bundles and bags were heaped on couches and racks. A towering edifice of fruit in a basket, untouched, was turning brown under the hot blasts that poured through the screened window. The door of the compartment adjoining the drawing-room was open, and this was piled with a formidable array of luggage.

They had been travelling hours, days, yet Texas was not in sight. Bick Benedict did not appear eager for a glimpse of that fabulous commonwealth from which he had been three weeks absent. He lolled on the hot plush seat, the withering southwest blasts poured over him, the dust clogged his throat, the electric fan set the cinders spinning more merrily in the stifling little room.

He had been bred on heat and dust. This was nothing.

The bride was reading a railroad time-table. Bick Benedict eyed her through narrowed lids. "I've married a book-worm." They both laughed as though the time-worn joke were new-minted.

It was incredible that any woman could appear as cool and fresh as she after thirty-six hours in the gritty luxury of a train drawing-room. She seemed to have an unlimited supply of fresh blouses and just to watch her open a filmy handkerchief and to catch the scent that emanated from it as she shook out its white folds was a refreshment to the on-looker.

She brushed her hair a great deal. She poured eau de Cologne into the wash-basin and bathed her wrists and her temples and the scent of this, too, prickled the grateful nostrils.

"I don't know how other brides feel on their honeymoon," she now said, "Mr. Benedict sir. But I'm having a lovely time."

"Well, thanks."

"It isn't only you. It's travelling. I love train riding, even if it's hot and dusty."

"If we had the private car as I wanted—"

"Private cars for two people are immoral. And anyway, they're dull."

"Well, thanks again."

"I'll bet you," said the bride, "that this minute, sight unseen, I know more about Texas than you do."

"Mrs. Benedict, if I may call



you that, I am taking the filly known as My Mistake and the young woman formerly known as Leslie Lynnton off the hands of Doctor and Mrs. Lynnton, respectively. The understanding was that the one can run and the other is intelligent as well as lovely. Perhaps one of you has got the wrong name."

"Leslie Benedict," she mused. "It isn't as pretty as Leslie Lynnton."

"But you're prettier. I don't say that I'm taking full credit. But you are."

"It's the fresh air," she said. "And the regular hours. Darling, will you let me know the minute we reach Texas?"

"Texas isn't exactly a secret."

"It's different from other States, isn't it? It looks different."

He was seated opposite her on one of the grim settees. Now he leaned forward and clasped his hands between his knees and smiled up at her, so earnest, so eager, so alive. "You're a funny girl. You didn't marry me just for the trip to Texas, did you?"

"I won't say I didn't." He laughed aloud then and held out his hand for hers and swung around so that he sat beside her on the seat that had been facing him. They looked at each other a moment, smiling, and then they became serious and silent.

The sound of the drawing-room door buzzer was like an electric shock. Bick Benedict passed a hand over his forehead and shouted, "Come in!"

It was the dining-car steward, sallow and sleek and obsequious. "He purred. He bowed. 'Parn me,' he said. 'But I figured you'd want to get your order in early, before the rush. You can just run your eye over the menu, but I have a couple of suggestions. Our last stop we took on some—'"

"Oh let's have dinner in the dining car," Leslie said. "With the rest of the world. Let's have olives—the big black ones—in a bowl of cracked ice with celery. And melons. And brook trout."

"Brook trout!" Bick protested doubtfully. "They don't have—"

"But we do," interrupted the steward with injured dignity. "I was just trying to tell Mrs. Benedict. We took them on at Baxter just for our special passengers."

It had been like that from the moment they had turned their faces towards the West. Passenger agents had come aboard at various stops for the sole purpose of inquiring about their comfort.

"They behave as if you were royalty," Leslie had said. "Do they always do that? Or just for brides and bridegrooms?" The Benedicts have been around these parts a long time," Bick explained. "And we travel a lot. And Reata beef travels a lot too. They're the really important passengers when it comes to railroad arithmetic."

Leslie thought that her mother would have loved all this kowtowing on the part of railroad crew and officials. In those brief days before the hurried wedding Mrs. Lynnton had chanted her refrain endlessly.

"Jordan Benedict, of the famous Benedict ranch in

Texas, you know. Jordan Benedict Third. Everybody knows about the Benedict ranch. It's practically a kingdom. It's a kind of legend Doctor Lynnton says."

The Benedict family had not come to the wedding in great numbers. Bick's younger brother Bowie had come as best man, and, of course, his Cousin Rody, in Washington, and his sister Maudie Lou Placer, and her husband Clint. But his older sister Luz, the one who kept house for him at the ranch, the one who never had married, caught the gripper or something at the last minute and couldn't come. Nor did Uncle Bawley, who practically never left his big, untidy bachelor house from which he ran the five hundred thousand acres of the Holgado Division.

Assorted aunts, and uncles, and cousins had not been urged to come. There had been no time, really.

The Virginia newspapers and the Washington society columns referred to it as a whirlwind courtship—a phrase that delighted Mrs. Lynnton. Rushed though she was with the wedding preparations, Mrs. Lynnton snipped out all the newspaper clichés and pasted them in a Bride's Book—white leather with gold tooling—which she presented to Leslie and which, years later, Leslie's daughter Luz came upon with whoops of mirth at the knee-length skirts and the ear-bugging coiffures.

It had not been much of a wedding, as society weddings go. The striped trousers and cutaway coats knew about Bick Benedict, and seemed somewhat pale beside him, not only from chagrin, but because they hadn't a century of Texas sun and dust and wind behind them for coloration.

The girls said, "Oh, Leslie, he reminds me of Tom Mix a little, only blond, of course."

Three days of their honeymoon were spent in New York, where the tall Texan in the big tan Stetson and the starry-eyed girl in bridal grey caused a turning of heads, even on Manhattan's blasé Fifth Avenue. They had stayed at the Plaza.

He seemed, curiously enough, in no great hurry to start the journey home. Strangely, too, he seemed not to have a great deal of ready money. They went to the theatre; they ate well; they drove in the park; they shopped a little, but there was none of the lavish moneyed carelessness that one would expect from the possessor of millions of acres of land, and thousands of cattle.

Not that Leslie expected or coveted the brilliant baubles with which the Fifth Avenue windows were bedecked. But perhaps Bick felt that some sort

of explanation was called for.

"Cattlemen don't have a lot of ready cash," he said not at all apologetically. "We put it back into the ranch. More beef cattle, better stock, experimenting with new breeds. A good bull can cost fifty thousand dollars."

The bride had her practical side. "He can bring in fifty thousand, too, can't he? If you sell him. Or his—uh—sons?"

"You don't sell a bull like that. You buy him."

At the unreasonableness of this she laughed. But then she said seriously enough: "I hope you're not stingy by nature, Jordan darling. Because that's very bad for you. We've never had any money, but we've always been lavish."

"Perhaps that's why."

"Why what? Oh. Just for that perhaps you'd better buy me something very expensive. Not that I want it. But as a lesson to you. Not the price of a bull but a calf, say."

Now, as they neared the end of their journey the little luxury room on the train grew hotter, hotter, became stifling, the electric fan paddled the heat and slapped their faces with it, the whole body was fevered with heat and dust. Too, another kind of fever possessed Leslie, it was the fire of deep interest and anticipation so that she quite ignored the physical discomfort of the stuffy train.

"You can see miles!" she said. "Miles and miles and miles!" She had her flushed face at the ineffectually screened window, like a child.

He eyed her with fond amusement. "Sometimes I think you're ten years old and not real bright."

"I can't help it. Geography always excites me when it's new places, and I love trains and being married to you, and seeing Texas. When your grandfather came here it was wilderness really, wasn't it? Imagine! What courage!"

"They were great old boys. Tough."

As far as her eyes could see she beheld the American desert land which once had waved knee high with lush grasses. She had never seen the great open plains and the prairies. It was endless, it was another world, bare, vast, menacing to her Eastern eyes. Later she was to know the brilliant blurred pattern of the spring flowers, she was to look for the first yellow blossoms of the retama against the sky, the wild cherry and the heavy cream white of the Spanish dagger like vast camellias.

"How big is it, really? Not in figures, I can't understand figures, but tell me in a kind of picture."

This was home again; this

was what he knew and loved. "Well, let's see now. How can I—Look, you know the way the map of the United States looks? Well, if you take all of New England—the whole of the New England States—and then add New York State and New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and Illinois, and put the whole thing together in one block, why, you'd have a state the size of Texas. That's how big it is."

He was triumphant as though he himself had created this vast area in a godlike gesture.

It was late afternoon when their train arrived at Vientecito. "Here we are!" he said and peered out through the window to scan the platform and the vehicles beyond in the swirling dust.

"What's it mean?"

"Vientecito? Means gentle breeze. We call it Viento for short. The wind blows all the time, nearly." He pointed at some object. "There we are. But who's that!"

A huge, expensive car. In the driver's seat was a stocky young Mexican with powerful shoulders. About twenty, Leslie thought; a square face, a square brow, his hair like a brush growing thick and up from his forehead. He was very dark, very quiet; he did not smile.

There was no one else in the car. There was no one to meet them. The man got out of the car; he stood at the open door looking uncertainly at Bick. He did not glance at Leslie.

Bick's face was cold with anger; there was a curious underlay of white beneath his deep-coated tan; his jaw muscle swelled as he set his teeth. The two men spoke in Spanish. "What are you doing here? Where is Jet?"

"Senorita Luz said she needed him. She sent me in his place."

"You don't know about a car. Here. Pile these bags in the back. Where's the pickup? There are trucks."

"Nothing was said about sending the pickup."

Bick Benedict's lips were a straight thin line, his fists were clenched.

The boy, very serious and dignified, was ineptly piling suitcases into the back of the car. This accomplished, he was about to take the driver's seat.

"Out!" barked Bick. The boy paused, turned. Bick gave him the baggage checks. In Spanish he said, "You will wait here. The pickup will be sent. It may be two hours, it may be midnight. You will wait here."

The boy inclined his head. Leslie came toward him; she put out her hand.

"I am Mrs. Benedict," she said. "What is your name?"

The dark eyes met hers. Then

they swung like a startled child's to encounter Bick Benedict's ice-blue stare. The boy bent over her hand; he did not touch it; he bowed in a curiously formal gesture, his hand over his heart, like a courtier. His eyes were cast down.

"What eyelashes!" Leslie said over her shoulder to Bick. "I wish I had them!"

"Dimodeo," the boy said in English. "I am called Dimodeo Rivas."

"That's a beautiful name," Leslie said.

"Leslie! Get into the car, please. We're leaving." His voice was a command. She smiled at the boy; she turned leisurely; she was somewhat surprised to see her husband's face scowling from the driver's seat.

"Coming!" she called gaily. She looked about her as she came—at the railway station so Spanish with its Romanesque towers, its slim pillars, and useless grillwork. The sun burned like a stab wound, the hot, unceasing wind gave no relief.

She stood a moment by the car door, hesitant, waiting for Bick to leap out. He sat looking straight ahead. The boy Dimodeo ran to her; he opened the car's half-door; she placed her hand delicately on his arm.

"Thank you, Dimodeo. Uh—gracias—uh—muchas gracias! There! I can speak Spanish, too. How did I happen to remember that? Ouch!" as she settled herself on the hot leather seat. "Read it somewhere. I suppose."

With a neck-cracking jerk the car leaped away. Never a timorous woman, their speed now seemed to her to be maniacal. She glanced at her husband's hands on the wheel. Nothing could go wrong when hands like that were guiding your life. He was silent, his face was set and stern. Well, she knew that when men looked like that you pretended not to notice, and pretty soon they forgot all about it.

"How flat it is! And big. And the horizon is—well, there just isn't any, it's so far away. I thought there would be lots of cows. I don't see any."

"Cows!" he said in a tone of utter rage.

She was, after all, still one of the tart-tongued Lynnton girls.

"I don't see why you're so put out because that boy came instead of someone else. Or the family. After all, it's so far from the railroad."

"Far!" in that same furious tone. "It's only ninety miles."

She glanced at the speedometer. It pointed to eight-five. Well, no wonder! At this rate they'd be home in an hour or so. Home. For an engulging moment she had a monstrous feeling of being alone with a strange man in an unknown world—a world of dust and desert, and heat, and glare, and some indefinable thing she never before had experienced.

He was speaking again in a lower tone now, but a controlled anger vibrated beneath it. "We don't behave like that down here."

"Behave?"

"Making a fuss over that Mexican boy. We don't do that here in Texas."

"But this still is the United States, isn't it? You were being mean to him. What did he do?"

The speedometer leaped to ninety. "We have our own way of doing things. You're a Texan now. Please remember that."

"But I'm not anyone I wasn't. I'm myself. What's geography to do with it?"

"Texas isn't geography. It's history. It's a world in itself." She said something far in advance of her day. "There is no world in itself."

"You've read too many books."

She began to laugh suddenly—a laugh of surprise and discovery. "We're quarrelling. Jordan, we're having our first quarrel. Well, it's nice to get it over with before we reach home."

To her horror then he brought his head down to his hands on the wheel, a gesture of utter contrition, and one that might have killed them both. At her cry of alarm he straightened. His right hand reached over to cover her hands clasped so tightly in her fright. "My darling," he said. "My darling girl." Then, strangely, "We mustn't quarrel. We've got to stand together."

Against the brassy sky there rose like a mirage a vast edifice all towers, and domes, and balconies, and porticoes, and iron fretwork. In size and general architecture it somewhat resembled the palace known as the Alhambra, with a dash of the Missouri Pacific Railroad station, which they had just left behind them.

"What's that! Is it—are we near the ranch, Jordan?"

"We've been on it the last eighty miles, practically ever since we left Viento. That's Reata. That's home."

"But you said it was a ranch! You said Reata was a ranch!" And there ahead of them was the town. The town of Benedict. A huge square-lettered sign said:

WELCOME TO BENEDICT pop. 4739

"Is that for us, Jordan? How sweet of them."

"No, honey. It's just the Chamber of Commerce saying howdy to any visitors who come by."

"Oh. Well, it's all been so regal, and everyone has done so much forehead bumping I thought— Oh, look! Look, Jordan." They had flashed into town; they were streaking down the wide main street. "Please drive slower, darling. I want to see. What a wide street for such a little! I mean—"

"It's wide because it was a cattle trail. We used to drive thousands of head of cattle to market along this trail, way up to Kansas. That was long before this was a town. Just a huddle of shacks on the prairie."

Now the vast white mansion had vanished, obscured for the moment by the town with its Ranchers and Drivers' Bank, its Red Front Grocery, its hardware store, garage, drugstore, lunch-room. But even as they roared through the town Leslie felt herself in a strange, exciting new land.

"What's that! What in the world is that!"

In the court house square facing the street was a monstrous plate-glass case as large as a sizeable room made of thick transparent glass on all sides. Within this, staring moodily out at a modern world, stood a stuffed and mounted Longhorn steer. A huge animal, his horn spread was easily nine feet from tip to tip.

"You've just got to stop. I must see him."

"You'll have the rest of your life to see him."

"I can't believe it. A—cow stuffed and put into a glass case on the street."

He touched her flushed cheek tenderly, and laughed a little. "You're in Texas, honey. Anyway, they have lions outside the New York Public Library, don't they?"

"But this is real."

"Everything's real in Texas."

"What's it for? Do they worship it, or something?"

"He's a Longhorn—the last of the Reata Longhorn herd. They roamed the range wild a hundred years ago. Now they're as extinct as the buffalo, or more. Way back in the days of the Spanish Missions

Two versions of the Bible:

"GO TO THE ANT . . ."

● Our Biblical quotation this week, showing the new Revised Standard Version compared with the King James' Bible, is from Proverbs 6: 1-11.

King James' Version

- 6 Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise;
- 7 Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,
- 8 Provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.
- 9 How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?
- 10 Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:
- 11 So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

Revised Standard Version

- (6) Go to the ant, O sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.
- (7) Without having any chief, officer, or ruler,
- (8) she prepares her food in summer, and gathers her sustenance in harvest.
- (9) How long will you lie there, O sluggard?
- When will you arise from your sleep?
- (10) A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to rest,
- (11) and poverty will come upon you like a vagabond, and want like an armed man.

in the Sixteen Hundreds the Spanish brought the first livestock with them. When the missions were abandoned the stock was left behind to run wild and pretty soon there were thousands and thousands of head covering the whole country. Tough, mean animals. Hoofs and horns and hide like iron, and the meat like leather. That's what we used to call beef, not so many years ago. And now there's the last Longhorn a museum piece in a glass case."

"Who'd have thought a cow could be so romantic! What are they like now—the Reata cows? And where are they? I haven't seen any. I don't believe you really have any."

He laughed wholeheartedly and the sound delighted her. She was not used to morose faces; the Virginia house had been a gay, lighthearted place. "Oh, we've still got one or two," he said airily, "hiding out in the mesquite and around, and we don't call them cows exactly. Wait till you see the new breed. We've been ten years experimenting, and I think now we've just about got it. We brought Herefords from England and bred them to the best of the native stock. And now I'm breeding the cream of that to the big Kashmirs. Oriental stock. They can take the heat and they've got a body oil that discourages ticks and fleas. There's never been anything like them in the world. In the world!"

His face was brilliant with life the silent man of an hour ago was a young, eager boy. Some deep inner instinct pinched her heart sharply.

That is his real love, it said. Reata and its past and its future are his life. You are just an incident; you are a figure in a pattern you don't even understand.

Now the town was behind them, they were again in the open country. Again she saw the house, its great bulk against the brassy sky, its walls shimmering in the heat. She stared at it in a sort of panic, but she asked, quietly enough, "Did you build it?"

"The Big House? No. My father built it. He said he built it for Ma, but I reckon he really built it to show the cotton crowd that he wasn't just a big, high-powered cattleman. He wanted to show them that he was in high cotton, too."

"High cotton?"

"Here in Texas the cotton rich always snooted the cattle rich. And now if this oil keeps coming into Texas the old cattle crowd will look down their noses at the oil upstarts." He pointed with his left hand. "See that low, greivish building about half a mile from the Big House? That's the old ranch house. That's where I was born. It's always been called the Main House."

She stared for a long minute at the low rambling outlines of the old house. "I like it. It looks like a house to be born in." She glanced sidewise at him. "Who lives in it now?"

"Your sister Luz, does she—will she live there?"

"Luz lives with me," he said. "With us. In the Big House. She's run it ever since Ma died twenty-five years ago. He laughed a short mirthless little laugh. "Some say she runs the ranch."

"It will be all strange to me at first. Of course, at first I'll have to learn how things are done here. I hope she won't mind."

"Hard to say what Luz will or won't mind. Let's just relax and be happy we're home."

She longed to say, "But a wife runs her house, doesn't she? A wife wants to manage her own household, and plan things

and decide things, and be alone with her husband." Some new wisdom told her to say nothing.

A turn of his wrist, the car ground to a halt before high iron gates. A man ran out of a little gatehouse, and he seemed to bow as he ran. He opened the gates, he raised his hand in salute, and his teeth flashed, his face was joyous with welcome.

"Bienvenido. Bienvenido, señor! Senora!" A dusky skin, the face square, the features finely cut; an ageless face, perhaps forty perhaps sixty. He had limped a little as he ran, so that between the running and the bowing and the limping he had a hobgoblin aspect, but there was dignity in his bearing.

Bick Benedict raised a hand from the wheel in greeting. "Como estas, Arcadio!"

"Muy bien, gracias. Gracias!" He looked at Leslie, his hand went to his forehead, he saluted gravely, ceremoniously.

"Hello, Arcadio," Leslie called to him. She smiled and waved. As they moved on and the gates closed behind them she pinched her husband just a little nip. "Is that all right? Tell me if I do something wrong, darling. I feel as if I were in a foreign country. I'm not used to acting queenly."

"Don't be silly. This is Texas. Everything free and open. You're home."

"I shall simply burst if I don't ask questions. Darling, is his name really Arcadio, how enchanting, and why does he limp so terribly, and is the gate always closed you said everything's free and open in Texas I don't mean to be critical I'm just so interested I can't wait till I write papa—"

"It's really Arcadio, though I don't know why that's enchanting. He was just twelve when they put him in the corral, and so was I. They gave us old horses to ride, we were only kids. One day when he was helping build the herd his horse stumbled and fell on him, his right leg was pinned beneath it and then the horse's hoofs began to dig into him and tear him apart. His father was a ranchero, but they were out on the range, there wasn't a doctor within fifty miles—"

"Poor little boy," she said. "Poor little man, limping and hobbling."

"You can't be sentimental on a ranch."

She thought, "I don't even know what a corral is." Up the long drive. An old adobe building on this side. Another on that. Big square buildings, small squatted buildings. She longed to say what that was that what's that? Something restrained her.

Far off across the flat land she saw what seemed to be another town made up of toy houses huddled on the prairie.

"Do you remember that first night at dinner? When Mama asked if there were any cities on the premises? Is that another town—all those little houses way off there?"

"That? That's no town. That's just where some of the ranch help live—some of the married ones with families. Some of the vaqueros live there and a few of the rancheros. Most of the rancheros live out on the ranchitos; they're spread about ten or fifteen miles apart, of course."

"Of course," Leslie echoed solemnly. Then she giggled, what with nerves, travel weariness, and some amusement. "Mr. Benedict, sir, your bride wouldn't know a vaquero from a ranchero when she saw one—if she ever saw one."

"You will." Then, as they made a sharp turn in the drive, "You're going to see a heap of vaqueros right now. Old

Polo has put on a show for you."

They were approaching another gate—a wooden one, cross-barred—and a line of fence that stretched away endlessly. On the other side of the fence, facing them, were perhaps fifty men on horseback.

They sat like bronze equestrian statues. Erect, vital, they made a dazzling frieze against prairie and sky. Their great hats shaded the dark ardent eyes. Their high-heeled boots were polished to a glitter; narrow, pointed, they fitted like a glove. Their saddles, their handbands, their belts were hand-tooled.

Their costumes lacked, perhaps, the silver, the silks, the embroidery, the braid, but in every basic item this was the uniform that the Mexican charro had worn three hundred years before and that every American cowboy all the way from Montana down to Arizona and Texas had copied from the Mexican.

On either side of the gate they made a single line, reined up side by side like cavalry on parade. Immovable they sat in their saddles, they did not smile, they did not raise a hand in greeting. Only their dark eyes spoke.

At the gate, mounted on a splendid palomino was a man of middle age, dark like the others but with an almost indefinable difference. Authority was in his bearing. The man swung low in his saddle and opened the gate, he drew up squarely then in the path of the car.

He spoke the greeting. "Viva el Senor! Viva los Novios!"

FROM the men then like a chant, "Viva el Senor! Viva los Novios!"

She twined his coat sleeve, "Jordan, what's it mean—los novios? What do I do?"

But Bick Benedict nodded carelessly to the men, he raised a hand in greeting and gravely he spoke his thanks in the Spanish tongue. Then, out of the corner of his mouth, to Leslie, "They've put on a real show for you, honey. Welcome to the bridal couple. Say gracias, will you?"

She was enchanted, she opened the car door, she stepped to the fender and leaned far out.

"Thank you!" she called, and her voice was warm and lovely with emotion. "Gracias! Gracias! Thank you for the beautiful wedding."

"Don't overdo it please, Leslie."

"Can't I blow them a kiss? I'm in love with all of them."

"Come in and sit down," Bick said. "We're moving."

"Especially that beautiful cafe au lait Buffalo Bill."

"Polo's got ten grandchildren. He'd be shocked to his Mexican core."

Now the car made the last curve in the long drive and there they were at the foot of the great broad stone steps that led to the doorway of the house. She looked up at it. No one came to the car, no one stood in the doorway. Nothing could be really sinister in sunlight, she said to herself. And aloud, "It's siesta time, isn't it? Just like in Old Virginia, though we never paid much attention to it."

He held out his hand to her; his hand was hard, was crushing. "Neither do we," he looked up at the house, together they began to mount the steps. "Would it sound too sickening and coy if I asked you to carry me through the doorway, just for luck?" And she smiled, "Of course I'm a big girl—"

He stared at her incredulously, he saw that her lips were trembling. His hands were on her shoulders, he swung her

around and picked her up in his arms as if she had been a child, and so up the steps, across the broad verandah and through the doorway, her arm about his neck, her cheek against his. He bent his head impetuously and they kissed long and silently.

Like a vast flue the great doors east and west drew the prevailing wind from the Mexican Gulf. "Oh, it's cool!" she said inadequately.

He tipped her to her feet and she staggered a little and leaned against him and looked about her, blinking with the sudden change from glare to shade. Then she saw against the grey-white background the six flags of Texas, draped and brilliant in a burst of colour upon the wall that faced them. The Spanish flag, the French flag, the Mexican flag, the flag of the Republic of Texas, the flag of the Confederacy, the flag of the United States of America.

No sound disturbed the utter silence of the enormous room. Yet Leslie had a feeling that on the other side of every door and wall there were ears listening, listening. They stood in the middle of the great hall like tourists, Leslie thought. Or like guests who have mistaken the time at which they were expected.

"What's going on here!" yelled Bick. He clapped his hands. "Tomas! Vincente! Lupe! Petra!" Then, in a great bawl that topped all the rest, "Luz! Luz, come out here before I come and get you."

From nowhere there appeared a little plump woman. Until this moment Leslie had not been aware that she had pictured this older sister of Jordan's as a tall dark woman—awh, almost—with straight black hair and straight black brows.

But this Luz who came towards them was a pink-checked, bustling little body in a pink ruffled dress and a bright red hat. Thick plaits of grey-white hair and, in unexpected contrast, very black eyes that gave the effect of having been mistakenly placed in a face meant for blue eyes. Their hard brightness startled the beholder like sudden forked lightning in a sunny summer sky.

Her voice was shrill and high, she walked with a little clatter and rush of short steps, hers were the smallest feet Leslie had ever seen.

"Jurdin! Stop that bawling like a calf's just been branded." Her manner was brisk, not to say hearty. She kissed her brother on the cheek, a mere peck. She came to Leslie. "Howdy, Miss Lynnton," said Luz Benedict. "Excuse my being late." An added flush suffused the pink-rouged cheeks.

Bick Benedict put one hand on his wife's shoulder. "Now, Luz, don't you go rowdying. Leslie first thing. This is Mrs. Jordan Benedict, and don't you forget it."

"We looked for you a week ago," said Luz. She took Leslie's hand in a grip of steel and smiled up at her.

"But we didn't plan to come sooner," Leslie said. "What made you think we did?"

"I didn't figure Bick would stay away. All the spring work to be done. It's the worst time of the year to be away. The big spring round-up."

"But this is — was our honeymoon!"

"No honeymoon's as important as round-up at Reata."

Leslie felt suddenly inadequate in an argument involving the relative importance of a honeymoon and a round-up.

She was mildly amused to hear herself saying, "Yes, it must seem so to all but the two involved."

She stood with her arm through Bick's, she turned to smile at him tenderly, she was startled to see that he apparently had heard none of this exchange, he was staring at the

big doorway through which they had just entered. There was the sound of a motor in the drive.

"Jett!" yelled Bick, and released his arm with a jerk as he started towards the door.

"Jett! Come on in here."

"Don't you want to see the house?" Luz said hurriedly.

"Yes. Yes, of course," said Leslie. "But I'll wait. I'd rather wait for my—for Jordan."

"Oh, Jordan, and Jett are everlastingly jangling about something. Come on." It was plain that she was anxious to be off. The sound of the men's voices rose in argument.

Leslie glimpsed this Jett Rink in the doorway now—a muscular young fellow with a curiously powerful bull-like neck and shoulders. His attitude, his tone were belligerent. About twenty, Leslie decided. She decided, too, that he was an unpleasant young man.

"She wanted for him to go, not me. I don't like for Dimodeo to drive the car any more than you do. Ever time he does I go to spend two days patching her up."

"You'll do as I say." "Tell that to Madama. How am I going to know what to do? Her hauling one way and your another. Tell me who's boss around here and I'll do like they say."

Leslie turned away, annoyed at the boy's hard insolence. Her eyes had become accustomed now to the dimness of the great hall. Luz Benedict had disappeared. Madama. That boy Jett had called her Madama. Funny, her going off like that.

Everywhere on the walls were the mounted heads of deer, of buffalo, of catamounts, coyotes, mountain lions; the vicious tusked faces of javelina or wild hog, red fox, grey fox, and two sad-eyed Longhorns whose antlered spread and long morose muzzle dwarfed all the other masks.

In the space not occupied by these mortuary mementoes were large gold-framed paintings of cows (Herefords, of Longhorns (extinct), of sky and prairie and prairie and sky—of all that which the sun-tortured eye could see if it so much as peered through a crack in a window blind in this land of cattle and sun and sky and burning hot prairie.

Through the wide door at the rear she saw the patio and a glimpse of green. She walked towards it, inhaling a deep breath as she walked, feeling suddenly shut in and stifling. Oleanders in tubs stood disconsolately about, the white walls under the glare of the sun glared back gold at their tormentor.

Leslie sank for a moment into one of the big wicker chairs and sprang up with a little screech. It was like sitting on a bed of red-hot coals. She began to know why Texans never sat out of doors, why they sought the dim shade of inner rooms.

She came back into the hall and stood there and now Bick joined her. "Leslie! I thought you'd gone upstairs with Luz."

"I was waiting for you."

The tap-tap-tap of Luz Benedict's little feet sounded on the stone floor. "Oh, there you are, Bick! Going off and leaving this poor little bride of yours alone. She wouldn't come with me. Come on, Bick. You show her the house. I'll tag along."

Leslie was to become accustomed to the clatter of men's high-heeled boots on these tiled floors, and the clank and the jingle of spurs and the creak of leather. Texas sounds. Everywhere the creak of leather. The staccato tap-tap of Luz Benedict's little heels was to stay in her mind long after they had ceased forever.

She and Bick went hand in hand, but Luz chattered and clattered close behind them.

"And this is the big room and that there is the little sitting-room, and this is the library and this is the music-room, and over there is the dining-room, and that is the men's den."

"And 'How wonderful!' Leslie exclaimed. "How interesting!" as they walked through the dim, vast rooms. Everything was on a gargantuan scale, as though the house had been built and furnished for a race of giants.

Leslie was weary, warm, her face was burning, her eyes smarted. The three ascended the great stone stairway now. It seemed that there were acres of dull bare bedrooms with their neat utility beds and their drab utility chests of drawers, and one armchair, one straight chair, a drab utility table, and an electric-light bulb in the middle of the ceiling. A hotel. A big, bare, unattractive hotel with no guests. A terrible thought occurred to Leslie.

"Have they ever been filled—all these rooms?"

"My yes! Luz shrilled happily. "And then some. Times we had 'em sleeping in cots out here in the hall. Sitting-room couches, too."

Luz clattered on down the hall, she pointed briskly to a big room whose door stood open. Two Mexican women and a man were bending over open suitcases which Leslie recognized as Jordan's.

"That's Bick's room," Luz said breezily. She marched on down the hall, turned right, turned left. "And this," she said, "is your room."

There was a fraction of a moment of utter silence. Then Leslie began to laugh. She laughed as helplessly as one does who has been under fearful strain, and then Bick, too, was laughing. They laughed as two people laugh who love each other and who have been apart in spirit and now suddenly are brought together again by the stupendous absurdity of the situation at which they are laughing. And, oh! they whooped, and ugh! they groined in a pain of combined laughter and relief.

The black eyes stared at them, the pink face was rigid with the resentment of one who does not share the joke.

Bick wiped his eyes, he patted Luz's shoulder.

"Look, sis," he said, "Leslie and I are married. We're having these two big front connecting rooms where the breeze'll get us, one for a bedroom and one a kind of sitting-room where we can sit and talk if we want to."

"Away from me, I suppose."

"Why, no, honey, we don't mean—"

"Yes," said Leslie then, with terrible distinctness. "Away from anyone when we want to be. When we want to be together." Then, at the look on the woman's face, "Not secrets, Luz. Just husband and wife talk."

Poor dear, she doesn't know.

"Get Lupe and one of the other girls," Bick said hastily. "They'll fix us up. I hope those trunks get here. They could unpack while we're eating supper."

"Supper's at six," Luz announced firmly. "How'd you like a cup of coffee right now? I clean forgot, with Bick yapping at Jett."

"Oh, I'd love it. But could it be tea?"

"Tea!" doubtfully.

"Or coffee, if it's—coffee will be wonderful."

Bick pressed a wall button. "That'll fetch somebody. Leslie, I'm going to take a look at the ruin that's gone on while I've been away. Now, Luz, don't you get sore again. The girl will help with your things, Les-



lie. Anything you need, just tell Luz."

He was gone. "Well, now," said Luz, and settled herself in a chair, "the girls will fix you up in a jiffy. I hope you didn't bring too much fussy stuff. We're plain folks out here. I ain't got enough clothes to dust a fiddle."

It came to Leslie with a shock that this woman was acting a part. Was purposely talking a kind of native lingo. The black eyes were darting here and there as the suitcases and bags were opened. Lupe had come in with a tray on which was coffee.

"I hope it won't spoil my dinner," Leslie said.

"Coffee never spoiled anything. Here in Texas everybody drinks coffee morning to night and night to morning."

It's the climate, Leslie thought suddenly. Hot and flat and humid. They have to have it as a stimulant.

She felt better now that she had had the coffee. She had gulped it down, hot and strong. "That was lovely," she said.

Lupe was taking things out of the bags. The young girl Petra had joined the older woman. Now the clean, bare room with its big white bed, its neat wooden chairs, its stark table burst suddenly into bloom like a spring garden released from winter. Lacy filmy silken things. Soft beribboned flowered things. Scent. Color.

"My! Luz exclaimed inadequately. "Where you fixing to wear those?"

With a sinking heart Leslie thought of the trunks that were even now on the road from Ventecito—trunks crammed with more dresses, more chiffons, silks, laces.

"Do you know," she began haltingly, "it's the queerest thing, but I feel so—so terribly tired. And sleepy, too. I can hardly—"

"Texas," Luz said triumphantly. "Lots of strangers from up north feel like that. Them blooded is what's wrong with them. Texas air is so rich you can nourish off it like it was food."

"That must be it. I just thought if I could have a tiny nap before dinner—supper."

"Well, sure. You go right ahead."

"And a bath. That will be lovely."

Luz took charge. "Lupo! Un baño caliente."

"No, no, thanks so much. I'll just take my time, and perhaps sleep a little first and then have the bath, or perhaps the other way around. I don't know." She was growing incoherent with weariness.

"Go at once," Luz commanded the two women. Leslie caught the Spanish immediately. "Cerra la puerta."

As they went Leslie remembered her two-word Spanish vocabulary. "Gracias! Muy gracías!"

They were gone. The door was closed. She stood with her back against it for a moment like a woman in a melodrama.

She went through the pleasant relaxing ritual of the bath, the powder, the lotions, the creams. She put on a plain silk dressing-gown, stood blinking a moment in the disordered bedroom, and was reassured by the scent of the perfume that Leigh Karfrey had sent her from Paris, by the look of the pink bottles and jars ranged neatly on the grim bureau, by all this fluff of feminine belongings that had turned the door chamber into a woman's room.

She threw herself in a fine Gulf draught across the great double bed, and was immediately asleep in spite of the strong coffee and the bewildering day.

She awoke to a bedlam of sound, she sat up terrified, her terror mounting as she stared about her at the unfamiliar

room, and did not know where she was. Now she remembered, and now she translated the sounds that had shocked her into wakefulness as the clamor of metal on metal.

A brazen gong was beating within the house. An iron-tongued bell was shattering its waves tenderly over each cheek in the mode of the day. I don't care, she argued to herself, I'm going to put on a pretty tea gown for dinner, that's what they're for.

She put on the filmy tea-gown with the lace fastail in the back, though it came just below her knees in the front. The clamor had ceased. Suddenly it was cooler—not actually chill, but the fierce heat of the day was gone. She shivered a little standing there in her transparent chiffon gown; she wondered if perhaps she should have worn something heavier.

She went carefully to the hall and peered over the banisters. The vast hall below was empty, but she heard the murmur of voices, and now they were raised in something very near a shout. She stepped slowly down the great stone stairway in her slim, pointed satin slippers with the brilliant buckles and high heels.

She stood a moment in the centre of the hall. Then she followed the direction of the voices. Jordan and Luz Benedict were talking with considerable animation in the room that Luz had designated as the music-room.

"Maudie's a hog for money," Luz was saying. "And Placer—well—Placer! A pair of fools, but Maudie's the worst, because she knows better." At this somewhat ambiguous statement she saw Leslie in the doorway. "Well, come on in. Where's the party at? My!"

For one terrible instant Leslie sensed that her husband had momentarily forgotten that he was married, had forgotten that she was in the house, had forgotten that she existed.

Now he jumped up, he came to her and took her two hands in his and held her off to look at her. "You're prettier than a sunrise. Just look at her, Luz!"

"You look kind of wonderful yourself," she said, and meant it, though he wore boots, brown canvas pants, and brush jacket, a brown shirt open at the throat. Luz was as she had been through the day. Leslie was relieved to see that she had taken off the red hat.

A concert-grand piano dominated the room. "What a beautiful piano!" Leslie exclaimed. "I haven't seen one like that since I heard Paderewski play in Washington years and years ago. Who plays? You, Luz?"

She ran a tentative handful of notes, it was badly out of tune. "The strings go to rusting," Luz said. "Bick plays a little and so do I, but there's no time for piano-playing on a ranch."

"Why not?" Leslie inquired innocently.

"There's too much work to do." Now the gong sounded again furiously from the dining-room. "Come on," said Luz. "Let's go eat." She led the way, scudding across the tiled floor.

The great table would have seated twenty. It was covered with a white tablecloth, a mammoth spread that could have been rigged as a sizeable tent. Down its middle, at five-foot intervals, were clustered little colonies of catchup bottles, chili sauce, vinegar, oil, salt, pepper, sugar bowl, cream pitcher.

Luz took charge. "Bick sits there, of course. You sit here. I sit here." The three huddled at one end of the table, Bick at

the head. Places were laid for ten.

Leslie sat down. She tucked her absurd chiffon about her and shivered a little in the damp air of the vast vaulted room. She eyed the empty places with their expectant china and glass and silver. "Is there company?"

"No, thank goodness, for once," Luz said. "But you never know on a ranch whether there's going to be two or twenty. Folks stop by."

Leslie smiled at Luz, at Bick. "We're like that at home. There's always enough for sudden guests. But not quite twenty."

Bick reached forward to cover her cool fingers with his big hand. "You're cold! You must be starved. I remember now you hardly ate a bite at lunch."

"I was so excited. I couldn't. But now I do feel kind of hollow and limp."

Two Mexican girls came in, very quiet and neat in dark dresses and white aprons, their feet slip-slapping in sandals. They carried platters and vegetable dishes. There was steak—not the broiled steaks of the Eastern seaboard, crisp on the outside, pink on the inside, juicy and tender and thick.

These were enormous fried slabs, flat, grey, served with a thick flour gravy. Mashed potatoes. Canned peas. Pickles. Huge soft rolls. Jelly. Canned peaches. Chocolate cake. It was fundamental American food cooked and served at its worst, without taste or imagination.

Wrestling, Leslie found that the steak once cut could not be chewed. She felt her face flushing scarlet, she tried to swallow the leathery mass; it would not go down. She choked a little, took a sip of cold water, chewed again resolutely, swallowed with a final fearsome gulp and thought what a surprise it would be for her stomach when the door opened and that rude mass of rubber beef tumbled in.

She ate her mashed potatoes, she ate her peas, she worried the steak around her plate, and tried not to think of little broilers and strawberry meringue and lobster bisque and spoon bread.

"Doesn't she look lovely, Luz!" Bick was saying.

"Certainly does," Luz agreed, without enthusiasm. "I was just wondering where at she was fixing to wear all those party dresses."

"She's going to wear them for me, aren't you, Leslie? I'll feel like a maharaja. Run cattle all day and when I come in on evenings there you'll be all satin and sweet."

"I was thinking of sending them all back home to Lacey," Leslie said, "and swapping them for her blue denims."

"Don't let Luz fool you just because she goes around looking like an old daggertee-type. It's a pose of hers. Texas girls are mighty dressy."

Luz smiled a little secret smile. "You'll have a chance to see for yourself to-morrow." Bick leaned forward. "Leslie's going out with me to-morrow. There's a roomful of riding clothes here in the house, Leslie. All sizes, all shapes."

"But won't my own things be here by then?"

"Well, yes. They're probably here now, unless Dimodeo and Jet Rink want the hides skinned off 'em. But your kind of riding clothes out on the range."

Luz cut in. "The Girls are coming. We've fixed up a real old-fashioned barbecue to-morrow noon. Out at Number Two."

"Call it off."

"Likely. With some of them on the way this minute from every which place. It's a welcome for the bride."

"How lovely!" Leslie said weakly. She was afraid to look at the fuming Bick.

"Luz! Why don't you mind your own business! Leslie wants to see the ranch."

"She'll be seeing it on the way."

"I don't think she'd like a barbecue."

Leslie began to laugh a little hysterically. "If it's me you're talking about I'm right here. Remember? And, of course, I'd love a barbecue. It's like a picnic, isn't it?"

Dinner was finished. Bick rose abruptly. "This is different. I know what you Virginians mean by a picnic. Chicken and ham, and champagne cup and peach ice-cream, and a ducky in a white coat to hand it around."

She went to him, she linked her arm through his, she looked up into his eyes. "But if that was the kind of picnic I wanted for the rest of my life I wouldn't be here, would I?"

The little clatter of Luz Benedict's heels, the high shrill voice. "Gill Dace is waiting on you, he phoned twice."

"Yes, I know. I'm going down now."

To her horror she heard herself cry out, "No. No, don't go away. Stay with me, Jordan. Don't leave me alone."

"Why, honey, Luz is here."

"Where are you going? I'll go with you."

"You can't go down there in those clothes."

"Where is it?"

"Gill Dace is the vet. He's the man who doctors all the four-footed characters and there isn't a more important man on the ranch. I'll take you down some day soon." He kissed her lightly on the cheek, the friendly, placating kiss of a husband of ten years' standing, whose thoughts are elsewhere. He was off down the hall and out into the twilight, she heard the sound of the car roaring down the road.

She stood in the centre of the great hall with the stuffed animal heads goggling down at her in her trailing tea-gown. Luz was standing on the stairway waiting for her to ascend, and as Leslie looked up at her it seemed to her weary and confused gaze that this face had in it much of the quality of those others eying her from the walls.

"I suppose you're all tired out, travelling and all. You'll want to turn in quick, be all raring to go for to-morrow. The Girls are wild to see you."

Solemnly they were ascending the stairs. Leslie heard herself making polite conversation and she began to feel very odd, light in the head and heavy in the legs. "Are they all nearby neighbors—the Girls?"

Luz laughed a sharp little cackle. "Texas, anything less than a hundred miles is considered next door. Only real nearby one is Vashti Hake, and she's better than sixty miles. The Hake ranch."

Leslie was tempted to ask if this Vashti Hake was the girl whom Jordan in spite of family pressure had not married. Better not. I'll know when I see her.

Leslie held out her hand. "Good-night, Luz. You're right. I do seem to be awfully tired. I'll write to Mama and Papa and then I think I'll—"

Her voice trailed off emptily.

"Sure I can't help you with anything?"

"No. No, really."

"Good-night." The heels pounded down the hallways. Over her shoulder she tossed a final word. "I'll wait up have coffee with Bick like always."

Her trunks had come, the two women were slip-slapping about in her bedroom, the lights were blazing, it was horribly hot. They had hung away most of the gowns; the bureau drawers, open, showed neat rows of pink and blue and white, but a froth of lace and silk on chairs and bed testified to the inadequacy of the room's cupboards and

cheats and the fantastic unreality of Mrs. Lynnton's geographical knowledge.

Leslie clapped a hand to her head. "I am very tired. Will you go away now. And take these things somewhere. Anywhere."

They were full of little murmurs and nods of understanding. "Si si! Dolor de cabeza. Rendida." They looked about the room rather wildly, they snatched up armfuls of delicate clothing, they bowed, smiling. "Buenas noches, senora." They were gone.

From somewhere outside the hum of a stringed instrument—a guitar? A scent drifted in—a sweet, dusty scent. The wind had not stopped blowing, she had hoped it would by nightfall. Hot winds made her nervous and irritable. I must ask Jordan if the wind always blows like this in Texas. Perhaps this was just a windy day.

There was a little glass-fronted bookcase, and in it perhaps a dozen books leaning disconsolately against each other or fallen flat in zigzag disorder. She opened the glass door. A little pile of magazines, the "Cattleman's Gazette," Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, "A Girl of the Limberlost," "The Sheikh," "Wild Animals I Have Known," The Texas Almanac for 1919. She closed the little glass door.

She went to the door and listened. Nothing. She went through the bedtime ritual of her adult life in Virginia; brushed her hair, washed and creamed her face, wiped it carefully, and cancelled the process by dusting over with powder. She sat down at the little table-desk, she took from the drawer the stationery engraved with the initials she thought Lacey would love this.

"Dear Papa and Mama and Lacey." She stared at this for a long time. "I am camping out in a Spanish castle." But how did you go about writing a letter in which you thought one thing and wrote another?

When Bick came in an hour later she was still seated there with her pen in her hand drawing curlicues on the paper before her—the sheet of paper that said only "Dear Papa and Mama and Lacey."

"You still up, honey?"

"It's only a little past ten—on my beautiful watch that my husband bought for me in New York."

The dusty clothes he had worn at dinner were a trifle dustier now, and as he bent to kiss her there was a horsey smell that was not too unfamiliar to her Virginia background, nor too repugnant. But she made a little face.

"Phew! You certainly have been down to see the vet."

"Gone about a month and you'd think I'd been away a

year. Luz always gets the whole place to milling when I'm off." He paused at the door. "Coming?"

"Where?"

"I'm going down to have some coffee."

"Can't you have them bring it up here, all cosy? I don't think I'll have any. I'm dead for sleep, suddenly. Uh—look, dear, I must order a lot of books from Washington."

"Oh, you won't do much reading out here. You won't have time to read."

"The house, you mean? Yes, I suppose there must be a lot to do, just running a big house like this."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. Luz runs the house."

"But Jordan! I mean—I'm quite good, you know. Really. I know about food and servants and furniture, and I'm even a pretty good cook. I'd like to—"

"We'll let Luz tend to all that. She wouldn't like anyone else to run the house."

"But I'm your wife!" Her sense of the ridiculous told her that she was talking like a woman in a melodrama. She began to laugh, rather helplessly. "Let's not be silly. This is my—this is our house, isn't it?"

"As long as we live and want it, honey. And you're going to be happy in it, and relax and have fun. You're going to love it down here."

Bick pulled off his brush jacket and tossed it on a chair, he yawned a shade too carelessly and stretched his arms high above his great head, lean body. There was nothing amorous in the glance his bride bestowed upon this fine male frame. "I'm going down for a cup of coffee. Come on."

"Jordan Benedict, do you mean you're going downstairs to have your coffee?"

"I've got to talk to her anyway about something."

She flew to him, she twined her arms about him, the lace and silk and ribbons were crushed against his dusty boots, his crumpled shirt. "You don't wish you had married a Texas girl, do you Jordan? That Texas girl. Do you? Jordan!"

"You're the one I wanted to marry, the only one. Sweet. Wonderful."

"I'm frightened. For the first time in my life I'm frightened."

"You're just tired out. Look, I'll just run down and see—"

"Stay with me!"

"I'll be back in a minute. Come on down with me. Come on, Leslie, unless you're too tired."

"Yes, I am. I am too tired. I'll finish my letter and then I'll pop into bed. I think I never was so tired in my life."

She stood a moment after he was gone, listening to the sharp click-click of the high-heeled



"In times of crisis I always know that I have Mabel—screaming, hysterical, running around in circles . . ."



G I A N T : B Y E D N A F E R B E R



boots on the hard floors. She went to the desk, she stared a moment at the words on the paper. "Dear Papa and Mama and Lacey," she took up the pen and went on.

"I love it. Texas is so different and wonderful. Jordan's house is huge but then everything's big here. Luz, Jordan's sister, the one who was ill, is here with us and I know we're going to be great friends she's so refreshing. And all those picturesque vaqueros and the stuffed heads. I must write you all about them when I'm feeling more rested after the long journey down."

She began to cry and the tears plopped on the sheet of paper and she quickly dried them with a blotter but they left a little raised spot anyway.

She awoke to the most exquisite of morning smells—hot fresh coffee and baking bread. Piercing shafts of light stabbed the drawn window blinds. The wind again. The wind, the wind hot and dry. Faraway shouts. The thud of horses' hoofs. And from somewhere below in the house the mumble of voices talking talking talking an endless flow of talk. She glanced at the wedding-gift bedside clock, a charming bijou. It was six o'clock. Curiously enough, she felt rested, refreshed. Bick was not beside her, he was not in the bathroom, he was nowhere to be seen or heard.

In her slippers and robe she tiptoed into the hall. Then she remembered that this was her home, that she was mistress here. She ceased to tiptoe, her slipper heels clipped on the stone floors like every Texan's. She called, very clearly, "Lupel! Petral!"

And there was Lupe the silent one and behind her Petra, the younger one, less sombre and secret. Buenos dias, senora. Buenos dias, senora. Buenos dias, senora. Buenos dias, senora. Buenos dias, senora. Lupe. If this keeps on I'll be speaking Spanish in no time.

On the little tray in Petra's hand was the ubiquitous coffee. Leslie drank the brew sweet and black and hot, two of the little cups that were the size of after-dinner cups in Virginia.

"Mmm! Delicious!" she said.

The two nodded violently, their faces broke into smiles, they seemed delighted out of all proportion. "Delicioso, al Delicioso!" And Leslie repeated delicious after them and added a word to her Spanish vocabulary.

She hated, listening for Bick's returning footsteps. She dressed, one ear cocked. She decided on one of the plainer daytime frocks. This dress was of soft blue silk, quite simple. The white suede shoes with the smart blue kid tips and the not too high heels. There was a blue head-bugging hat to match—a cloche, it was called. She was hurrying now, she was listening for departing hoofbeats. But he wouldn't leave without seeing her.

When she had clattered downstairs there was no one about. The dining-room, of course. There was the long table and the same islands of ketchup and chili sauce and vinegar and sugar and oil and cream. The tablecloth, she noticed, had lost the pristine freshness of the night before. She decided that she'd soon attend to that. Spotted tablecloths, indeed!

Seated at the table were two men and a woman; the men in boots, canvas trousers, and shirts, the woman in what, in Virginia, they called a wash dress. They were eating T-bone steaks with fried eggs on top, and grits and enormous rolls, and there were big cups of coffee and large bowls of

jams, yellow and purple and scarlet.

The three glanced up from the business of eating and looked at her amiably as she entered.

"Howdy!" they said. "Howdy!" And went on eating.

So Texans actually did say howdy like that. She decided to try it herself, but shied away from it at the moment of test and said good morning instead. "Isn't it a lovely morning!"

At this they again looked up from their plates, but now they regarded her thoughtfully.

One of the men—the older one—said: "You visiting from the East, ma'am? Kansas City or around?"

She hesitated a moment. "I'm from Virginia. I'm Mrs. Benedict."

They seemed to find this in no way remarkable. "How-dol!" said the younger woman, a little more in the way of formality. "Howdy, ma'am," the men said. And the older one again took the lead.

"Hodgins is my name. Clay Hodgins." He pointed with the tip of his knife. "My boy Gib and his wife, Essie Lou. We're from up in Deaf Smith County, we been taking in the Fat Stock Show down at Hermosa."

Leslie had seated herself at an empty place at table, she leaned forward, her face alight with interest. "Why that sounds fascinating. I'd love to go to a fat-stock show." And she meant it.

"Well, it's over, honey," the girl said.

A Mexican girl placed a platter before Leslie. On it was a slab of flat greyish steak that bore a nightmarish resemblance to its twin of the night before. Two fried eggs atop it glared at her with angry yellow eyes. Hot thick biscuits in a little baking crock, they bubbled a little with heat and butter. Coffee. Hastily Leslie poured the coffee.

The young man now spoke rather shyly in a charmingly soft musical voice. "We figured we'd best get an early start, we lit out of Hermosa three this morning it looked to be such a hot day down here, we figured to make three four hundred miles before daylight and we sure enough did."

"How nice," Leslie murmured inadequately.

Now the girl spoke up again, her voice was a shrill rasp after the man's low, soft drawl. "We came away without what we went down after, mostly, though."

"What a pity," Leslie said. "What was that, do you mind telling me?"

"Appaloosas," the girl said.

Defeated in this, Leslie was girding herself for further enlightenment when the younger man unwittingly came to her rescue.

"You wouldn't believe, would you," he demanded, "that they wasn't a bunch of Appaloosas I'd cut up into horse meat! All we was looking for was five six real using horses that rein good and work a rope. So we said well, look, we're riding right by Bick Benedict's country we could say drop in and see what he can show and sure enough we got just what we come for, we could of saved ourselves a heap of time and trouble down to Hermosa."

"Yes, but," the girl protested, "I had a real time for myself with the stores and the shows and all."

"Well," the man named Clay said, and rose from the table. "We got to be going along." Gib and Essie Lou pushed back their chairs. "Next time you come up to Deaf Smith you come and pay us a visit we'd sure be glad to see you, we're up there outside Umbarger."

"I'd love to," Leslie said.

"Perhaps some day when my husband is out that way he'll take me along. I want to see every bit of Texas. Is it far?"

Gib considered this question. "It's a far piece, yes ma'am. But there again not too far. About eight hundred miles if you come right along—"

Taptaptap. Swift high-heeled boots. Luz Benedict. "Well, howdy!" she cried. "Sure nice to see you! When'd you blow in? You been treated right?"

"Sure have ma'am. But we got to money along. You know how it is this time of year."

They clattered out, the men with their great hats in their great hands, their walk leisurely almost cautious, as though this were an unaccustomed form of locomotion.

The two women, left alone, regarded each other warily. "They're sweet," Leslie said. "Are they great friends of Jordan's—and yours?"

"Hodgins? Don't scarcely know 'em. They got a little place up in the Panhandle." "Little!"

"But they sure had a run of luck," Luz went on, resentment in her tone. "They had a little bitty no-account piece up near Luling and a gusher came in on their land last year, must bring in a million."

"A million gallons!" Leslie exclaimed.

"Dollars."

"A million dollars in one year!"

Luz Benedict looked at her pityingly. "A million a month."

"How terrible!"

LUZ ignored this. "My, you sure look dolled up. You must get up before breakfast to get all that on, as we say here."

Leslie laughed, but not very merrily. "I was just going to say that you look as fresh as if you'd slept twelve hours. But I heard you and Jordan—it was you, wasn't it?—talking at six this morning."

"Sure was. Bick and me, we have our coffee and talk over every morning of our lives at five, sit and talk and get things rounded up for the day."

Leslie stood at the long table's edge, her smile sweet, her eyes steady. "I know. There must be such a lot to do on an enormous ranch like this. And this house. Now I'll be able to take a lot of the household duties off your hands. I thought we might have a little talk perhaps this morning—"

"Now don't you get getting yourself beat out," Luz sat smiling up at her from the chair into which she had dropped at the table. She poured herself a cup of coffee from the massive pot. "You look real ganted I was saying to Bick. Not real strong. We want for you to get a little flesh on your bones, and have a nice time."

Leslie felt the color rush into her face. Careful now, she heard her father's voice say. Slow now. This is new country for you, this is that Texas I told you about, remember?

"That's so good of you, Luz. But I'm just naturally dim, we all are, but I'm really very strong and well. I hope you won't mind if I seem a little stranger at first. I've never been West before—really West. I mean. I'll soon learn Texas ways. And in a little while I'll be able to run the house, too."

Luz had set her coffee cup down with a sharp click.

"The house runs itself, honey, with me giving it a little shove and a push now and again. I know how to handle the Mexicans, I been living with 'em all my life, and my pa and ma and

grampa and gramma before me. Now you just run along and enjoy yourself." She shoved back her chair with a grating sound.

She had boundless vitality. No, it wasn't vitality, Leslie decided. It was energy. Luz bustled. She ran bounced hurried scurried. Energy was merely motion, wearying to witness. True vitality was a deep inner strength that sustained anyone who came in contact with it.

Leslie stood very still in the middle of the big dining-room. "I think I'll go up and attend to my room—I mean put away—"

Luz patted her shoulder as she trotted briskly by. "The girls'll have you all fixed up by now and probably know every hook and eye on every dress, and every button and shoelace."

"I'm going to take a walk," Leslie announced.

Luz turned at the door. "A what?"

"A nice long walk, perhaps into town and look around at things."

Luz came back into the room. Her round pink face looked sharp. "You can't do that."

"Why not?"

"People don't walk in Texas. Only Mexicans. If you want to ride one of the boys'll saddle you a nice gentled riding pony."

"I'll let you know," loftily.

"I'll speak to my husband about it later in the morning."

Luz laughed, a short little bark of a laugh. "Honey, if you think Bick's got nothing to do only take people around the ranch. He's been away weeks now, he's got to catch up if he's ever going to. Now honey, you just do some sewing or something or reading. Bick says you're a great hand to read. H'm?"

She bustled out of the room, click-click, click-click.

Leslie felt a surge of murderous rage. She turned sharply and walked out of the room out of the great front door. She walked out into the blazing Texas morning.

She almost ran down the dusty roadway. The young fellow who had met them at the Vienciento station was on his knees at the edge of a small lawn of tough coarse grass.

Through many years she was to see him thus coaxed green growing things and brilliant colorful flowers to thrive in spite of the withering sun and the Gulf winds that shriveled them with the heat and the sudden icy northerners that blasted them with the cold.

"Hello!" she said. "Hello, Dimodoe!"

The boy rose from his knees in one graceful fluid motion, he bowed low.

Buenos dias senora.

"How far is it to the village?" At the blank look on his face, "You speak English Dimodoe. You understood me yesterday."

"Yes, senora. I speak English, certainly. I am only more in the way of Spanish . . . Village?"

"Yes. The town. Benedict. How far is it to the town? I want to walk there."

"But you cannot walk to the town." He was genuinely shocked. He looked towards the house. "I will tell them the automobile. Or a horse. No. You are not dressed for riding. The automobile."

"No. I want to go alone and—and just look around and see things. Yesterday we passed a schoolhouse. Is that the building? Down the road."

"It is the school. It is the school where the children go who live on Reata Ranch. The little ones. Until they are ten or twelve and can work well."

"How many?"

"Oh, many senora. And many in other schools on other divisions."

She waved a good-bye with a gaiety she did not feel, she trudged down the road in the blue silk dress and the white suede shoes. It was fearfully hot and dusty, she saw no one, nothing moved. She reached the schoolhouse, she sauntered past it and heard the drowsy hum of children's voices.

Abruptly she turned up the little path that led to the white-washed adobe house.

There was a tiny white-washed vestibule, surprisingly cool. She was to learn to appreciate the coolness of these thick-walled adobe buildings, she was to learn to stay through the day in the dim cool shelter of a house interior.

She knocked at the closed door. The humming and buzzing ceased abruptly. The door was opened by a woman of about thirty, a thin sallow woman in a drab dark dress. A fretful-looking woman with fine black eyes whose heavy brows met over her nose in a dark, forbidding brush. She stood, the door open a few inches only, her hand on the doorknob.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I'm Mrs. Jordan Benedict," Leslie said, smiling. And extended her hand. "I was passing by and I couldn't resist stopping in—" The woman was staring at her so fixedly that Leslie was puzzled, then startled. "You're the school-teacher, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Leslie decided not to be annoyed. This was, she told herself, a gauche girl who possibly was not accustomed to visitors during school hours.

"I just thought I'd drop in and see the children," she said. "I'm out for a little walk."

"Walk!" the woman repeated after her as the others had done, as Luz and Dimodoe had done. It was becoming slightly annoying. Leslie took a firm step forward feeling suddenly tall and dignified.

"What is your name?"

"Cora. Cora Dart."

What was everyone so cross about? Leslie stepped rather too briskly into the room. A vast whitewashed room crammed with children. Children of from four to fifteen. Their eyes were fixed on her with a steady stare that combined to give the effect of a searchlight.

Immediately Leslie was struck with the fanciful thought that the seated children made a pattern like that of a gigantic piano keyboard. The faces shaded from ivory to almost black, and the lighter ones seemed to occupy the front rows, the darker the back.

Cora Dart seemed to have recovered from the shock of a visitor, she placed a chair for Leslie and suddenly Leslie was frantic to be gone. The room was stifling, she felt unbearably drowsy, as though drugged.

"Go back to your work," Cora Dart said, in English. "Go back to your work," she then said in Spanish. The battery of eyes turned briefly down to the desks, the next instant was lifted again.

"I won't stay, really," Leslie said hurriedly. She felt she should ask some intelligent questions, she remembered the way grown-ups used to behave when they had visited her childhood public school in Ohio.

"Uh, are the pupils the children of people who work—who live on the ranch?" You know they are, how silly. She moved towards the door, she smiled at the children, feeling foolish, she smiled at the dour Miss Dart.

"Thank you so much, it is all so interesting, you must come up some afternoon after school or perhaps on a Satur-

day and have tea with me."

"Tea!" echoed Cora Dart as one would say "opium."

Leslie's nightmarish feeling of being an interloper now drove her to the point of being unable to terminate a distasteful encounter.

"Or coffee," she corrected herself hastily. "Uh—have you been teaching here a long time?"

"Too long for my own good," Cora Dart said with extraordinary venom. "They've had about a million teachers here, first and last."

"But that's too bad. I should think it would be upsetting for the pupils."

The woman stared at her with the eyes of pure hate. "You'd better speak to your husband about that. Your husband is the person to speak to about that, Mrs. Jordan Benedict."

The woman's mad, Leslie thought as she turned abruptly to go. Stark, staring mad, literally.

Outside again in the glaring heat, Leslie glanced at her watch and incredulously saw that it was now ten minutes past nine. Her day was just beginning, but she felt she had been up for many hours.

She wondered where Jordan was, she longed to see him, she looked out and out towards the endless haze of prairie and sky. He was miles and miles off somewhere with those thousands and thousands of cows.

She must have taken a wrong turning, what with the heat, the glare of her weariness for she found herself on a smaller rougher road lined with rows of shanties, small and tumble-down.

A thin wailing sound. From within one of the hovels an infant crying. Leslie turned and looked about her. In her resentment and bewilderment she had come farther than she knew. There was the Big House shimmering in the heat, but it seemed terribly far away. She wondered if she should telephone and ask them to come for her. Of course there wouldn't be a telephone in any of these crazy dwellings. But perhaps someone could be sent to fetch a car . . .

She followed the sound of the wailing infant, she ascended the rickety steps and knocked at the door hung with strips of flyspecked paper. The baby cried without ceasing—a high-pitched kitten-like mewling. She knocked again.

"Entré!" A woman's voice.

She brushed aside the paper strips, she entered the dark, close-smelling room. For a moment, blinded by the transition from glaring sun to gloom, she could see nothing.

"I am Mrs. Benedict," she said to no one in particular. "Si, si," said a woman's voice, low and soft. "Perdone me that I do not rise. I am ill." This in Spanish.

Miraculously, Leslie thought, she caught a word—two words—and translated their meaning. Perdone me. Enferma. Now she looked about her. A woman on the bed in the little front room. A girl, really, black-haired, big-bosomed, her eyes bright with fever.

The infant's shrill cry came from a tiny second room at the rear.

Dimodoe had understood English, and spoken it. This girl must, surely. "I am so sorry. Is the baby ill?"

The girl nodded sadly. "He is ill because I am ill. My milk is not good."

"Well for heaven's sake!" Leslie said. "You just get a formula and feed him that."

The girl said nothing. The child's wailing pulsed through the hot low room. Leslie went to him. He lay in a basket, very wet; dark mahogany beneath the brown skin, very angry.

by the shout that went up as two vaqueros bore the steaming, succulent treasure that had emerged from the hole in the ground. These men were carrying a large sack, dark, wet, and steaming.

This outer sack they deftly slit with sharp bright knives. Beneath it was another cloth, lighter and stained with juices. Still thus encased the burden was carried to the table and placed on a great flat wooden board. They were crowded all round the table now, and in each hand was a wedge of the crisp thin bread.

The final layer of wrapping was removed. A little Vesuvius of steam wafted upward on the hot noonday air. There on the table was the mammoth head of an animal.

It was the head complete. The hide—hair and the outer skin—had been removed, but all the parts remained, the eyes sunken somewhat in the sockets but still staring blindly out at the admiring world. The tongue lolled out of the open mouth and the teeth grinned at the Texans who were smiling down in anticipation. Collops of roast meat hung from cheeks and jaws.

"M-m-m-m!" cried the Girls. "There's another down in the pit where this came from," shouted Pinky Smyth.

"We'll sure enough need it," Bale Clinch bellowed. "Appetites these girls have they're liable to leave us boys with nothing but the ears."

Curiously enough they stood as they ate. Deftly Eusebio jerked the tongue out, he sliced off the crown of the head, someone began to peel the smoking tongue and to cut it neatly on the wooden board. The hot spicy titbits were placed on the pieces of thin crisp bread held out so eagerly and there arose little cries of gustatory pleasure.

"Here," Vashiti said, and hospitably extended to her erstwhile rival a moist slice on a wedge of bread. "If you don't say this

is about the best barbecue you ever ate."

"It's been eighteen hours cooking," Ollie Whiteside explained.

"How interesting," Leslie murmured.

"Needs a sprinkle of salt," Vashiti cautioned her.

Bick was regarding her with some anxiety and she thought, a shade disapprovingly. Through her mind, as she smiled and accepted the food held out to her, went an argument founded on clear reasoning against instinct.

You're being silly and narrow-minded. You've eaten cold sliced tongue, where did you think it came from—did you think it was born on a silver platter bordered with sprigs of watercress? After all, perhaps Texans wouldn't like the idea of lobsters and oysters and crabs, they're not very attractive either when they come up from the baking-pit, with all those claws and tails and whiskers.

Bick was talking, he was explaining something to her. His low charming voice flowed over her soothingly.

"This is the real Spanish-Mexican barbecue, Leslie. We take a fresh calf's head and skin it, and place it in a deep pit dug in the ground on a bed of hot mesquite coals. We wrap the head in clean white cloths and then tightly in canvas and down it goes the night before, and it cooks down there for eighteen hours—"

Now spoons were being used. With glad cries the Girls were dipping into the top of the head and removing spoonfuls of the soft gelatinous brains, and placing them on fresh pieces of bread with a bit of salt sprinkled on top.

Leslie turned away, she felt she was going to be very sick, she steered herself, she turned back, she smiled, she felt a little cold dew on her upper lip and the lip itself was strangely stiff.

"Eat while it's hot!" Miz Wirt Tanner urged her. "They're plenty more."

"I'm not very hungry, really."

Perhaps if I just had a little of the rice and some coffee. I'm not accustomed to the—heat—yet."

"My gosh, this ain't hot. Wait till July!"

She ate. She drank. She talked. She laughed. She said delicious how do they make it the rice is so yes indeed we eat it in the East though we usually think of Virginia as the South but of course it must seem East to you there is a dish we sometimes calves' brains with a black butter sauce.

The second head was brought up from the pit, was eaten. Replete, then, the little company wandered off and left the littered table to the vaqueros and to old Eusebio.

"It was wonderful," Leslie said to him. Her new word came to mind. "Delicioso. Gracias." The old mummy face with the live-coal eyes bowed with a stately air, accepting his due as a culinary artist.

She had not disgraced herself, she had not disgraced Jordan, she drew a long breath of achievement. She laughed and chatted, seated on a tree stump, feeling strangely light-headed and cool in the blinding sun.

One of the vaqueros at the table so recently deserted was pouring a full measure of molasses into a tip cup and now he sat spooning it up with relish, as though it were ice-cream. In a corner under the open shed another of the Mexicans had got hold of the calf's head from which the company had so recently eaten.

As she watched him he took a piece of bread and plunged his hand into the open top of the empty skull, brought the morsel up, and popped it into his eager open mouth.

Someone asked her a question, she turned her face up to the questioner, she smiled a stiff contortion of the mouth. At that moment the bunkhouse tipped toward her, the sky rolled with it and the ground rose up in front of her and rapped her smartly on the head.

For the first time in her healthy twenty-odd years Leslie Lynton had fainted dead away.

Very white Leslie lay in the big bare bedroom at Reata. Bick had sent for Dr. Tom Walker at Ventecito. He was a small slight man, his suit, his shoes, his hat were the clothes he had been accustomed to wear worn by middle-aged men in Virginia's hot weather—by her father.

He placed the soft straw hat and the scuffed black bag on a table, and came over to the bed. He stood there, dabbing his forehead a little with a white handkerchief.

"I never will get used to this heat," Doctor Walker said. "I'll just go in and wash my hands. How are you, Bick? I heard you'd married. High time."

She heard the water and his hearty splashing, and then he stood in the bathroom doorway wiping his hands briskly and talking casually.

"This climate's new to you, h'm?"

"Yes."

"It takes a while. I'm from Tennessee myself, but this is different. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else now; this is wonderful country, but you have to get used to it and look at it the long view. Fifty years from now."

"Fifty years!" She did a simple problem in arithmetic. "I'll be seventy-five!"

"That's a nice age. You'll see wonderful things in Texas when you're seventy-five."

"I won't care then."

"Yes, you will. Especially if you've been part of it."

"You sound like my father," she said then.

He had finished wiping his hands; he came again to the bedside, relaxed and easy. Now he picked up her hand as it lay there so inert on the coverlet.

"And who is he?"

She watched his face. He was intent on her pulse. "His name is Lynton. Dr. Horace Lynton."

He placed her hand gently on the coverlet, he smiled a little. The routine. The chest, the lungs, the back, the stomach, the heart, the belly.

"She'll be all right, I think," he said, turning to Bick Benedict standing so tensely at the bedside. "I'd say a temporary fatigue and a sort of—have you had a shock?"

"No."

"She's been fine," Bick said. "She's been wonderful until just today. When she fainted we thought—some of the women thought maybe—"

"Maybe next week you'll drive to my office, where I can really examine you properly. You do that, will you?"

Dr. Tom Walker took out his pad and fountain pen. He began to write a prescription in a neat hand. He finished it, he capped the pen, and he snapped his shabby black bag.

"Horace Lynton's daughter."

"Do you know him?"

"Do I know Horace Lynton? That's like asking a private in the infantry if he knows the General of the Army."

She felt the tears, hot and stinging, in her eyes. "Thank you," she said inadequately. Then, "I'll write him you said that. No, I won't. He'll think I'm ill."

"You're not," Doctor Walker said.

"What about it, Tom?" Bick asked. "What made her faint and stay that way so long? She just wouldn't come to. I don't know how long."

Dr. Tom Walker was silent. Then he stood up.

"Fainting is a way of shutting out of your consciousness something you find repellent. In the old days ladies used to do it quite a bit. It was a kind of weapon. They don't use it so much nowadays because they're more free to rebel against what they don't like. This young lady doesn't look like the fainting type to me."

Bick brushed this aside with some impatience. "But what do you advise now? What's the thing to do for Leslie?"

Tom Walker seemed to ponder this a moment.

"Well, Bick, if I were married to this girl I guess I'd spend the rest of my life cherishing her—no, I'll give you the advice of a man of medicine, not a romantic. You see, all this is new to Mrs. Benedict. Beginning marriage is an adjustment under the most simple of circumstances. But when you have to adjust to marriage and Texas at the same time! Well, that's quite a feat."

"Now, Tom! You're talking to an old Texian, just aiming to rile me."

Doctor Walker shook his head. He turned to Leslie. "Tell me, if you could do whatever you liked here what would you want to do?"

She sat up vigorously and pushed her hair back from her forehead. Her face was sparkling, animated. "I feel better. I feel wonderful. Do you mean exactly whatever I'd want to do forever—or for a week, perhaps?"

Doctor Walker, neatly packing his stethoscope, looked at Bick Benedict. "Let's start with a week."

Leslie smoothed the coverlet with her free hand. She raised her eyes to the window and the brazen sky. She glanced at Dr. Tom Walker, and then

her eyes came to rest in Jordan Benedict's eyes.

"I want to go into the kitchen and cook two chickens—pan roast them—a quick broil first to brown and then a slow oven. Delicious. In butter and a strip or two of bacon for flavor. I want to whip up a meringue. With strawberries on top. Are there strawberries in Texas? . . . I want to go to Benedict and walk in the town and look in the store windows, and I want to see the side streets where people live in their houses . . . I want to have the piano tuned . . . I want to learn to speak Spanish . . ."

"But most of all I want to go with you, Jordan—to go with you and see what you do. I promise not to bother you—just to have someone show me and let me see, and learn about the ranch . . . And I'd like to talk—I mean good talk with all kinds of people at dinner and after dinner . . . and books . . . and flowers in the house."

Bick's brow was furrowed. "Look, Leslie, honey. You'll do all these things in time. But why not just relax for a while and take things as they are. Don't you think so, doc?"

The slight figure in the rumpled linen suit stood looking down at the two seated there on the bed, hand in hand and miles apart. Slowly he tore into small scraps the prescription he had so recently written.

"I think Leslie's prescription is better than this one. I'd advise you to try it . . . Well, I'll be getting along." He stooped for his bag. Then, without glancing over his shoulder, he said, "Come on in, Miss Luz. The diagnosis has been made. There's nothing wrong." And there was Luz Benedict, not at all embarrassed at being caught.

Doctor Tom looked at her. He quirked one eyebrow. "You weren't eavesdropping, were you, Madama?"

"There's no call to get personal, Tom Walker. I've got a right to know in my own house."

"What do you think, doc?" Bick Benedict asked again worriedly.

Tom Walker leaned against the doorway, his bag in his hand.

"I'd say, as a man and a doctor, there's nothing Leslie wants to do that isn't good and proper, and shows the right spirit in a young wife. She wants to go into her kitchen and cook. Well, what's wrong with that? She wants to learn about her new home. She wants to see the sort of work her husband does, and how he does it. She wants to play the piano and talk about things of the mind and the emotions. If there were more wives like that—"

"I run this house," Luz Benedict's voice was high and

shrill. "Her house! Her kitchen! I should think anybody'd be glad to have all that responsibility taken off them." She apparently was addressing Dr. Tom Walker, but her eyes were on Leslie. "She ain't real strong, you can see that."

Leslie, sitting up in bed, seemed now to tower as she sat. She flung the bedclothes aside and swung her long legs in a decorous arc so that in one swooping movement she had got out of bed, was standing in her nightgown; had thrust her arms into her robe, and was wrapping it about her with the air of one who buckles on a coat of mail.

"Luz Benedict," she said very distinctly, "I'm not going to behave like Dora in David Copperfield. I don't want to take your place, but I won't have you take mine either. I know I can't take over this huge house twenty-four hours after I've come into it. I don't want to, yet. But I won't be a guest in my husband's house; I won't pretend I've just dropped in for a meal like those people at breakfast yesterday—or was it to-day—I'm all mixed up; it seems days ago."

"You see," said Luz. Bick came to Leslie. He held her to him. "Leslie, honey, you're tired and upset, and you don't seem awfully strong—"

"Look here," Tom Walker had an edge to his speech now. "What are you trying to do? Break her down? Let me tell you something. This girl is as wiry as a steel spring and as indestructible. You let her do as she rightly pleases."

He made for the door, one hand held high in farewell. "Call me if you need me, any hour of the day or night." He was gone.

Bick was after him. "Tom! How about a drink, or a cup of coffee?"

The two women in the bedroom looked at each other. "That's all right," Luz said meaninglessly. Her usual high color was drained away now, and Leslie found herself startled by this aspect; there seemed something sinister in the new white face.

Leslie said: "Let's have everything clear and open Luz and then there won't be these dreadful hidings and listening and little insinuations. I'm sorry if that sounds rude. I'm just trying to be honest."

"That's all right," Luz said again.

"I'm going to dress now. I feel just fine. It must be nearly dinner time. I'm going down to see what there is in that great enormous ice-chest in that great enormous pantry. I think I'll go down right now, in my wrapper, and settle it. No steak."

To be continued

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Prisoner of Zenda

The mythical kingdom of Zenda provides sumptuous settings for a love affair that causes a Royal scandal in "Prisoner of Zenda." Metro brings technicolor and a top-star cast to this new version of this thrice-filmed costume romance.



ABOVE: Double for King Rudolf V, English tourist Rudolf Rassendyll (Stewart Granger) puzzles Princess Flavia (Deborah Kerr) and antagonizes Michael (Robert Douglas), who is eager to proclaim himself Regent.



SABRE DUEL (left) between arrogant Count Rupert Henshaw (James Mason) and Rudolf Rassendyll (Stewart Granger), at right, continues throughout the Royal castle.



ENGLISH Rudolf Rassendyll (Stewart Granger), above, after masquerading as the King, tells Princess Flavia (Deborah Kerr) that the pose was false but not his love for her.

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CREAMED PEAS—as above and add cream or hot milk.
"FAMOUS FOR FLAVOUR"



CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Holly and the Ivy," drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton. Plus "Mr. Peck-a-boo," comedy, starring Bourvil, Joan Greenwood.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Laughter in Paradise," British comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Fay Compton. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Something for the Birds," comedy, starring Patricia Neal, Edmund Gwenn, Victor Mature. Plus "Backlash," thriller, starring Richard Travis. (Release.)

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Quo Vadis?" technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Importance of Being Earnest," British technicolor comedy, starring Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison, Dorothy Tutin. Plus ★ "Assassin for Hire," thriller, starring Ronald Howard.

LYRIC.—★★ "Carrie," social drama, starring Sir Laurence Olivier, Jennifer Jones. Plus "Danger Street," mystery, starring Jane Withers, Robert Lowery. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "On Moonlight Bay," technicolor musical, starring Doris Day, Gordon MacRae. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "Jack and the Beanstalk," cinecolor pantomime, starring Abbott and Costello. Plus featurettes. Evening sessions only: ★ "The Girl From Jones Beach," comedy, starring Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan. (Re-release.)

PARK.—★ "Fort Worth," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Phyllis Thaxter, David Brian. Plus "Confidence Girl."

PLAZA.—★★ "Story of Robin Hood," technicolor adventure, starring Richard Todd, Joan Rice, Peter Finch. Plus "The Olympic Elk," technicolor documentary film.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "The Greatest Show On Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Snows of Kilimanjaro," technicolor drama, starring Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward, Hildegarde Neff. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "Affair in Trinidad," drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford. Plus ★ "Montana Territory," Western, starring Lon McAllister, Wanda Hendrix.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Because You're Mine," technicolor musical comedy, starring Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow, James Whitmore. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★★ "Going My Way," comedy-drama, starring Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Untamed Frontier," technicolor Western, starring Joseph Cotten, Shelley Winters, Scott Brady. Plus ★ "Lost in Alaska," comedy, starring Abbott and Costello.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—Morning and matinee sessions: "Mother Goose" pantomime, with Maggie Fitzgibbon, Dawn Lake. Evening sessions only: "Target Hongkong," drama, starring Richard Denning, Michael Pale. Plus "Waggon-team," Western, starring Gene Autry.

SAVOY.—"Manon," French language drama, starring Serge Reggiani, Cecile Aubrey. Plus "Paris, 1900," English language feature, narrated by Monty Woolley.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Affair in Trinidad

RITA HAYWORTH'S comeback film "Affair in Trinidad" proves that for genuine glamor Rita is still tops in Hollywood.

For the occasion Columbia has provided Rita with a slinky wardrobe and, as a nightclub entertainer in Trinidad, permits her to put over a couple of songs in husky tones and wriggle through two astonishing dance routines.

The story that goes with this decor is thoroughly banal.

Rita's estranged husband is found dead. A verdict of suicide is brought in, but, believing it to be a case of murder, British police inspector Torin Thatcher persuades Rita to do some secret checking on one

of her ardent admirers, wealthy Max Fabian (Alexander Scourby), whom they also suspect of implication in top secret roguery.

Up to this point the affair has been conducted on a fairly urbane level. Then the dead man's brother Steve (Glenn Ford) arrives unexpectedly, becomes suspicious of his sister-in-law, and before long falls in love with her.

Under the stress of jealousy Steve behaves shockingly, especially towards Rita, whom he insults, slaps, and humiliates before she can tell him of her mission of justice.

Incredible events wind up with the apprehension of the criminals and Miss Hayworth and Mr. Ford together aboard a homeward-bound liner. In Sydney—State.

VICTOR HUGO'S "LES MISERABLES"



2 CANDLESTICKS stolen by Valjean from rectory are presented to him as symbolic gift by the understanding Bishop (Edmund Gwenn). Heartened by this kindness, Valjean becomes a prosperous merchant.

3 INSTALLED, years later, as mayor of his village, Valjean feels he has reached pinnacle of success. But he is dismayed to find new Inspector of Police is Javert, who at first does not recognise former convict.

• The melodrama and action in Victor Hugo's tale of "Les Miserables" is accented in the 20th Century-Fox screen version of the widely known story.

The story begins with the sentencing, for the theft of a loaf of bread, of Jean Valjean (Michael Rennie) to ten years in a convict galley. During this terrible decade Valjean incurs what is to be the lifelong enmity of his nemesis, policeman Javert (Robert Newton).

Valjean is a humanist who would temper hard codes of law with the wisdoms of justice, but Javert is a fanatic who must uphold the sanctity of the law to its letter.

1 ENMITY of policeman Javert (Robert Newton), centre, is incurred by Jean Valjean (Michael Rennie), right, as a convict. Hardened and unkempt after release, Valjean takes refuge in village rectory.



4 ARRESTED by Javert on false charge, Valjean's employee Fantine (Sylvia Sydney) is released on Valjean's authority. Javert is livid, vows vengeance.

5 ILL from malnutrition, Fantine dies after Valjean promises to rear her daughter. Later Valjean attacks Javert, and the chase resumes.

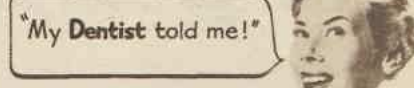
6 PRETTY daughter of Fantine, Cosette (Debra Paget), is raised by Valjean and falls in love with Marius (Cameron Mitchell), who is arrested for plotting against Napoleon.

7 RESCUE of injured Marius is made by Valjean in gloomy Paris sewers. With Javert in hot pursuit, Marius and Valjean manage to reach safety.



8 OVERPOWERED by Valjean's servant, Robert (James Robertson Justice), left, Javert is freed by Valjean, who offers to surrender provided he is permitted time to farewell Cosette and Marius privately.

9 COBBLED streets echo to Javert's footsteps as he leaves Valjean's house. Returning to surrender, Valjean discovers the policeman gone. In final act of remorse, Javert commits suicide, leaving Valjean free.



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"AFTER THE WAR WE DISGUISED OUR SUB BY BUILDING A METAL SUPERSTRUCTURE, RESEMBLING A WHALE— AND USED PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT, SO IT'D SHINE IN THE DARK. IT DOESN'T LOOK MUCH IN DAYLIGHT, BUT AT NIGHT—IT LOOKS REAL!"



WE RAMMED SHIPS TO STOP THEM, THEN RAIDED THEM. PEOPLE SAW ONLY THE SHINING "WHALE"—NOT THE DARK SUB BELOW—SO THE LEGEND BEGAN.



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WEARING THE PIRATE'S OUTFIT, MANDRAKE DESCENDS INTO THE SUBMARINE OF THE "GHOST WHALE"





★ As I read the stars ★ By ★ EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Better fortune for the gad-about than the stay-at-home. January 8 gives you a boost, January 10 favors outdoor activities, but January 12 is a complete let-down.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Travel plans, whether the distance be long or short, can give your spirits a lift on January 8 or 9. January 12 is likely to hold a disappointment in store.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): That expected tit-bit, that little windfall, is unlikely to greet you on January 6, when you'll work hard for all you get, but January 9 tells a different story.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Don't go off the deep end on January 8, or start an argument. You'll catch more flies with molasses than you ever will with vinegar, and on January 11 you carry the day.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Don't gallop into trouble on January 9, but stop, look, and listen. Willingness to wait while working towards your goal will pay excellent dividends on January 11.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Never mind if a pet scheme blows up in your face on January 6; it takes more than that to stop a Virgo, and on January 9 you'll come up with a peach of an idea.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Many Librans will stay home and like it on January 9, because good news is more likely to come at home than abroad. January 12 is likely to be much ado about nothing.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Get that letter off your chest, make that appointment you'd like to postpone. Clear the decks for action on January 8 and enjoy the evening of January 11.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): January 6 means business with an important angle. Plenty to do and much accomplished. January 10 is no day to take risks in love, money, or reputation.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Unless you take a firm stand on January 7 you will find yourself left holding the bag. Don't get roped in or become involved. January 9 gives you a new deal.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If everything seems to go dead wrong on January 7 and 8, just smile and remember it's the tail-end of the storm, for January 10 is full of brilliant sunshine.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): If January 7 has a rather startling announcement to make, you may not realise the full impact until January 8. Romance, thrills, excitement, social success.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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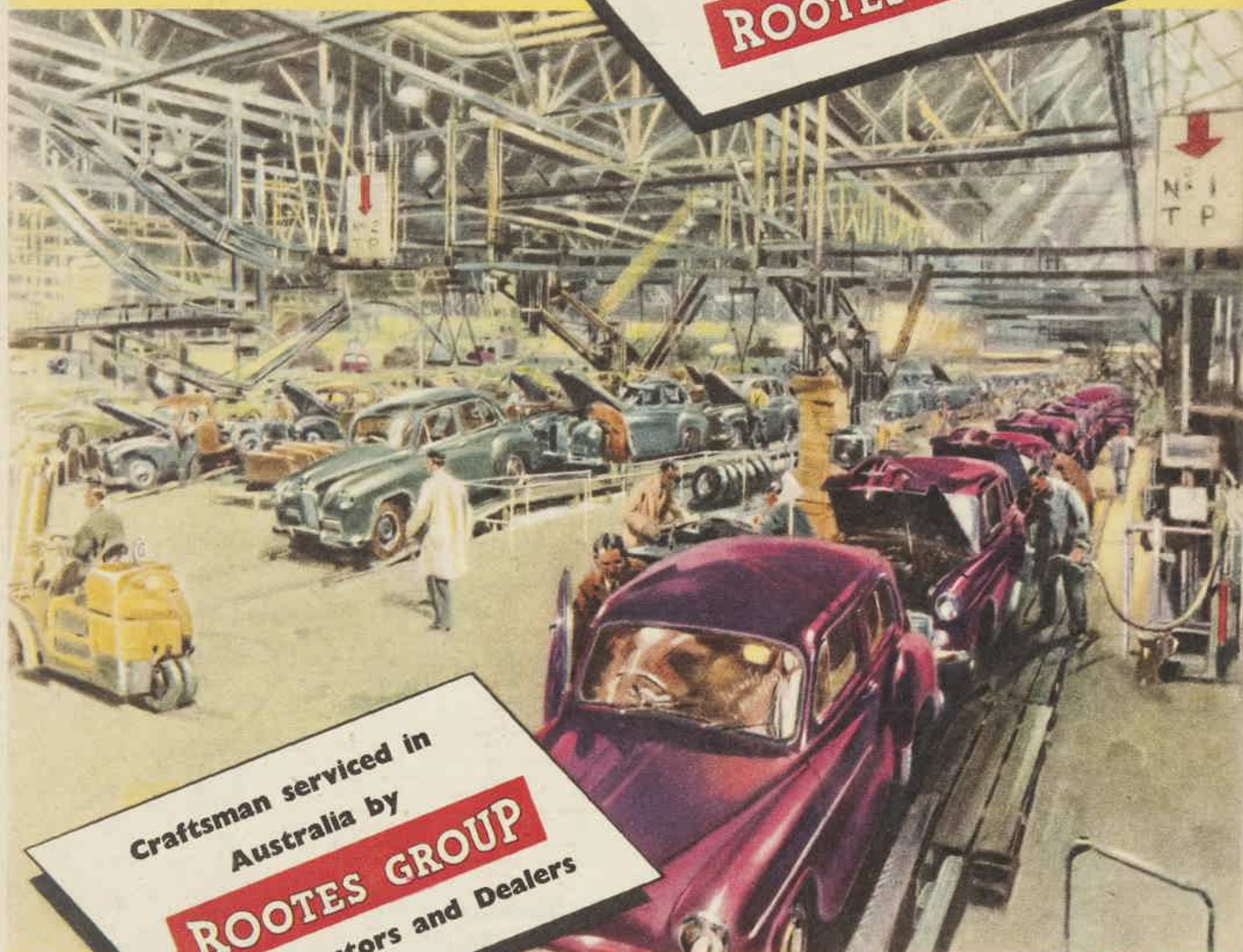
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